



Prom Night by Genesis.Malfoy

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Summary: To any teenager their senior prom is the most important night; it's a night of transition, a night of goodbyes but, to Mike and El it is a lot more than that. It's the night when everything changes, when the skin speaks and they can leave childhood behind. For them, their prom night it's just the beginning. -CH 6 IS M-RATED-. (A/N: Fluff, realistic, first time, Mileven.)

1. Chapter 1

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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PROM NIGHT

xx

May 12th, 1989.

Dustin sat on his motorcycle for a moment longer after parking next to the side walk, resting his elbows on the handlebars from his Vespa and trying to gather some courage.

There she was, Stacy, a few feet away from him and talking to a bunch of girls outside Truvy's Designs, looking incredible as always and also there he was, asking himself for the tenth time that day *why* he hadn't had the guts to ask her to be his date for prom.

It wasn't like it was the first time he failed on doing it and that was, probably, what annoyed him the most given that it had been his last chance because, after all, his prom night had finally arrived.

The last chance, the last dance and the last time he could ask her to go with him. Okay, he knew that the probabilities for him to go with Stacy, the most popular girl on school, to prom were very little, – or inexistent –; but not even asking her turned any possible chance he may had to put a bouquet on her wrist, into none.

The boys kept saying she was a waste of time. Max – a bit more aggressive – said she was a waste of air and El simply offered a sympathetic smile, not knowing what to say. In time his friends started to grow tired of giving him advice and he understood why they were tired, because he knew his obsession with Stacy lead him to a dead end.

"Well..." said Will, trying to offer some consolation when Dustin came

back to their table at lunch to inform his friends he hadn't had the courage to ask her to be his date. *"It doesn't mean you lost all hope, you know? Maybe you could at least ask her to dance with you one last time."*

That gave Dustin a little more hope (and fears). He knew he might end up rejected like he always did. He knew Stacy wasn't the sweetest girl in the world and if he'd had a little more self-respect he wouldn't have to deal every year with her phony smile, her not-so-gentle rejection and her eye-rolling, every year since 1984 when he'd ask her to dance and she'd say no. Still, he should keep trying, right?

Yeah! He shouldn't be worried; he refused to lose time being negative because only a true warrior put up a fight even if such fight kills him. He wouldn't surrender, not now not ever.

Dustin sat up from his Vespa and checked his clothes, looked around him and then to the group of teenage girls a few feet away waiting for another girl, willing to talk to Stacy and ask her to, at least, save a dance for him.

He begun walking towards the group of teenagers, their laughter coming clear and their conversation took shape while he kept on walking in, what it seems, the longest sidewalk ever created. But he was going to make it, he wouldn't be intimidated. He was a lion, a good catch, he was even the best dancer in the party – although it didn't said much –; and besides, Harvard was waiting for him in September, a fact that made his mom unbelievable proud, sharing the good news to every single person in Hawkins, even if no one asks.

"Okay, Dusty. You're smart and she knows it because she always wants to borrow your notes. You're tall; you have wild curls and terrific hair to make braids, according to El. Hell! Even Steve told you that any girl would fall for you with these shiny blue eyes. Now you go in there and ask Stacy to save a dance for you because, if you wait until tomorrow, she's gonna look so gorgeous you won't even remember your name. Come on, just a few more feet and... crap!" –Dustin was talking to himself trying to grow a pair when the girl for whom he was crazy about, turned around causing him to panic instantly, run to the first door he could reach and hide inside the nearest store he could find.

He never expected he'd see such image when he stepped inside

RadioShack.

"Oh my God!" he growled, raising his voice and his hands in the air, causing Mike and El to jump. "Are you guys Siamese twins by mouth or what? Jeez!

Both teenagers, one pressed against the counter while holding the other by the shoulders with both arms and a leg wrapped around him and the other, with both hands on her butt-cheeks; moved away from each other just a bit after Dustin busted them. They smiled, they weren't embarrassed anymore when their friends catch them making out but, they both felt a little self-conscious given that Dustin is the one who caught them the most.

"The store is empty." Eleven pointed out, aside from the three of them and climbed over the counter, sitting on it next to the cash register and resting her back against the wall and crossing her legs, like she always did every time she was there.

Dustin snorted.

"Right, so an empty store it's all that it takes for you guys to have a 'quickie' basically in public?" said the teenage boy, walking towards them and resting his elbows on the counter.

That made them blush but Mike immediately took control by washing his little embarrassment and punching his friend on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here anyway, Dustin? Weren't you supposed to be renting a tux?" asked Mike, even though it didn't bother him.

Dustin shrugged and, for a moment, he looked a lot like the child El met under the rain.

"I was but when I pulled over I saw Stacy in the corner and..."

"Ughh!" this time it was Mike and El's turn to growl. She shook her head and bit her lip, getting tired from all of it and feeling a little sorry for her friend too and Mike hid his face in his hands and sighed, feeling tired as well.

The other boy raised his hands in the air for the second time, this

time he also opened his mouth in surprise for their reaction, although he didn't blame them. He also complained every time he found his friends kissing next to his locker and he couldn't open it and he always made fun of them when they were caught, especially when they were acting particularly passionate. Some things are better off buried under the carpet.

"Hey, this is serious! I was about to do it this time and then she turned around and I panicked." explained Dustin, feeling a little betrayed too. "You two are my best friends, dammit, give me an advice!"

Mike looked at his girlfriend sitting on the counter and taking the bag with the magazines she bought on her way to his job, licking a lollipop and opening a magazine by the middle on a make up article, focusing on it.

"Don't look at me, honey. It's your turn." said the girl, a tiny smile on the corner of her mouth behind the lollipop and letting Mike take care of their friend and listen to him, for the tenth time that day.

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And thirty minutes later...

Mike huffed.

It wasn't like he didn't like having his friends at the store. Of course he couldn't spend a lot of time with them when his friends went to say hi when he had his shifts on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, but he could always manage to take five minutes and talk to them between customers and his different chores. His boss is great and he always treated Mike like a friend too so it didn't bother him when the teenage boy had his friends over.

On Saturdays, when El visits him and spends the afternoon with him; sometimes his boss sits and chats with her, asking her to try and convince the Chief – since everyone knows she is Jim Hopper's kid – that he should investigate if there were aliens living among them. El always nodded and said yes, even though she knew Hopper would never agree and Mike could never hold a snicker every time his boss

started to tell his girlfriend about those fishing trips when he was young that he could-have-sworn he saw a UFO.

He never remembered El's name (Jane), even after all those years, he just called her 'Mikey's girl'.

That Friday Mike was working to compensate the next day he wouldn't go to the shop because he had prom, so around five his boss left him in charge and went home, given that he had his grand-kids visiting. Mike sighed, he was bored already and all he wanted was to close the store at eight and pick up El to have their date at the ice cream shop and then go to the movies; but suddenly, like sent from the sky, the door bell chimed and there she was, carrying a couple of feminine magazines in a paper bag. The sun shining on her back making her glow and looking beautiful with her ponytail, her pink shorts and that blue tank top he loves.

Mike gave her a wide smile and she smiled back, behind a lollipop.

"Where's everybody?" El asked, taking the lollipop she'd been eating and pushing herself up to the counter so she could kiss him.

Mike leaned to make it easier for her and also to grab her by the waist, making her climb through the register desk. She laughed.

"I think they sensed you were coming and let you have me all by yourself." he joked in between kisses, hugging her, both standing behind the counter and pinning her up against it, leaving a trail of kisses from her lips to her shoulder.

El sighed deeply, enjoying his warm lips and gave a few whimpers when he bit her neck. "Oh I love your customers, they are so nice sometimes. I missed you." she whispered, – even when they saw each other less than two hours earlier –, and she wrapped her arms around his neck and claimed his lips back again.

Having Eleven pinned against the counter, closing his arms around her tiny waist while she was practically hanging from his shoulders and they kept kissing with the intensity that being alone in RadioShack allowed, Mike and El found very interesting the idea to get passionate right there. Mike found himself moving his hands

down from her waist to her hips and the way she kept kissing him and eating her lollipop in between kisses, making her lips taste like cherry and looking a bit red too, made Mike feel like he was starving. Maybe that was it, that new kind of closeness they've been experimenting lately that made him bolder too, since she told him when he came back from his interview on MIT the year before that she wanted to start *touching* him. They had been experimenting with this new fire, this heat wrapping them tighter and growing stronger every day, that woke a new kind of love in them: it was lust and animal desire. But when Eleven held his face and moisturized his lips with the lollipop and did the same with her lips, Mike lost his grip. He grabbed and squeezed her butt, lifting Eleven up and she moaned in his mouth, wrapping a leg around him when he sat her up on the desk and they started making out like if their lives depend on it... until Dustin cut them off.

But that was before.

Now, half hour later, Mike was leaning on the counter's marble, supporting his face on one hand, mouth hanging open while he was trying his best not to fall asleep, and his other arm resting on his girlfriend's legs while she made a quiz to find out what pet suits her. All of that while Dustin kept on going, talking non-stop about the girl he liked and walking to the door to check if the girls were still on the dress shop next to them.

"I know I was too chicken to ask her to be my prom date but, being Stacy, maybe I should ask her to save a dance for me for tomorrow, right? Because, now that I think about it, every year I ask her to dance with me when we're already there, maybe that's my mistake. She probably just thought I had nothing better to do or..." Dustin kept rambling, building this fantasy in his head where Stacy wasn't the jackass she actually is.

Mike sighed again and looked up to Eleven, sitting comfortably and reading her magazine.

"El, if you love me, do me a favour, would you?" whispered Mike, almost desperately.

She nodded and caressed his hair, burying her fingers tenderly under

his soft locks, eyes still glued to the magazine.

"Kill me." he pleaded and rested his head on her chest, surrendering, causing her to start giggling and leaving the magazine behind while Dustin was still watching the dress shop, hoping the girls hadn't left yet.

Eleven, amused, looked at Mike and wrapped a lock of his hair on her finger while she run her hand on his jaw line and his neck when he rested his head on her legs. He can be so pretty.

"I can't, you are my date for the prom. Besides, I kinda like you already..." she joked, trying – and failing – not to laugh outright.

Mike smiled and pressed his head now on her chest again, burying his face and breathing her in, trying to wash all of Dustin's words from his tired brain. It wasn't like if he didn't like to support a friend who needed him, because he always been the first to step up and offer a hand, an ear or a word if they needed but, this Stacy thing had been going on and on non-stop for months... and the last four years.

Eleven held him there for a moment, caressing his head and then she cupped Mike's face and leaned to kiss him because he is just the sweetest guy in the world, the best friend for all of them and simply because she loves him, because she understood how he felt – since Dustin got her like that too a couple of hours ago – and also because it had been over thirty minutes since she kissed him and that was unacceptable.

"I can't see if they are still there or if they left." yelled Dustin from the door. "How much it takes to pick a fucking dress?"

Mike shrugged.

"I don't take that long when I have to buy clothes, do I?" asked the girl, caressing Mike's cheeks with her fingers and he shook his head. She smiled and kissed him again.

Actually, Eleven could easily spent a whole hour just to pick a shirt but even Mike with only seventeen years old, knew that there were

certain things never to say to a woman. A life time of living with his mom and two sisters made him smart enough.

It wasn't *lying*, it was *survival*.

"Hey, stop making out for a minute, would you? I don't know if they left or..."

"She's still there, Dusty, stop worrying." said El, exasperated. "I can feel her lack of talent from here."

Dustin rolled his eyes and came back next to them and Mike laughed, cupping El's face and kissed her deeply.

It wasn't something they talked about openly but they all knew that she begun to despise Stacy since their sophomore year when they both auditioned for a school play and the casting guys picked the other girl. They picked Stacy only because one of those guys were sleeping with her but El thought that it was really unfair because, even when it was just a school play and she wasn't as talented as Meryl Streep, she knew she was better than Stacy, who apparently learned acting from a tree.

"Hey, you horny pieces of shits!" called Dustin again, clapping his hands.

They both growled.

"For the love of God, Dustin, stop! I don't know what to tell you anymore." said Mike, sick of all that bullshit. It wasn't that he didn't care, he just simply couldn't understand how Dustin, being as smart as he knew, couldn't realize that Stacy was a bitch, "I'll tell you the same thing I've been telling you all these years: Stop trying. Don't do it."

Dustin was dumbfounded.

"That's not an advice!"

"Look, it's not that I don't care, you know that. Besides you know how she is, why do you want to expose yourself like that again?" asked Mike, holding El by her sides. She got back to her lollipop and her

magazine while the boys talked.

"Maybe she'll change her mind. Tomorrow it's *our* prom night after all, our last dance."

"And if I keep eating this, the dress won't fit." said El, completely out of topic.

Mike and Dustin looked at her and snickered.

"Good point." said Dustin and then looked back at Mike. "The thing is that I'm hoping that after all these years, since it's our last dance, maybe she happens to say yes, you know?"

"Or maybe she rejects you one last time and manages to ruin you own prom, have you thought about that? Do you really want to spend another half-enjoyed dance because she let you down? Dustin, we love you and we told you the same thing over and over like a thousand times. Stacy is not good enough for you."

El looked at Mike while he said that and then at Dustin. She knew that what he said may seem extremely cruel but she also knew her boyfriend was right. There were many things Dusty didn't know or didn't want to accept. Sometimes El wondered whether to tell her friend what she overheard Stacy saying about him on the bathroom but when she told the rest of the party, they agreed to never tell him that because that would break his heart.

Finally the boy sighed. "Thanks." he answered and got back to the door.

Mike looked at his girlfriend, asking what she thought of what he said and she offered a little smile and squeezed his arm delicately, telling him without words that, even if he seemed rude, at least he told him the truth.

"Oh shit, shit!"

Dustin run away from the door back to them, panting and panicking and, before neither Mike nor El could ask what was going on, two teenage girls walked inside the store. He got so desperate to look casual, afraid they might have seen him that he took one of El's

magazines and pretended to read it, not even realizing he held the magazine upside down.

"Hello." said Stacy when she walked through the door with her best friend, Jennifer Hayes.

Dustin's dream girl stayed on the furthest corner of RadioShack, pretending to be interested in batteries with a fake smile, clearly finding unnecessary to go and talk with her classmates. Jennifer sighed and walked towards them with a much more sincere smile, taking a paper from her purse.

"Hi, boys, Jane, how are you?" greeted the blonde girl and gave Mike a paper note. "I'm sorry to interrupt guys but, Mike, my mom left her camera to fix and she sent me to pick it up. The one with a broken flash light?"

Dustin pretended to keep reading the magazine, holding it so close to his face his nose was pressed in between pages. Mike smiled and nodded, taking Jennifer's note and went to find the Olympus he fixed two days ago. Eleven simply looked at the girl in front of them with interest and the way she kept gazing at Dustin, then she looked at Stacy pacing around the store and then back to the other girl, now looking right back at her.

"Trying to find some ideas for tomorrow night?" asked the girl, offering El a kind smile.

El smiled back, shy but sincere. She nodded.

"Me too. I bought like five magazines; I still don't know whether to wear my hair up or not. Which colour is your dress?"

Eleven looked around, making sure Mike was nowhere in sight, nowhere near so he could hear it, then she whispered. "Black."

She wanted to surprise Mike, being that other than the Snowball dress, she always wore pink or yellow dresses for school dances. Jennifer lifted an eyebrow in surprise and El, for some reason, felt flattered so she gave her a small smile. The other girl smiled back as if they were sharing a big secret and then put her attention back at

Dustin, noticing the upside down magazine, yet she didn't say anything.

"Hi, Dustin." she said with the biggest smile Eleven had ever seen on Jennifer's lips and then she blinked, thinking she was hallucinating.

Dustin looked up from his magazine, barely looking at her. "Hey Jenn, how are you?" greeted the boy politely and then, not being able to stop himself anymore, he looked back at Stacy pacing near the door and he waved a hand to her. She waved back with the fakest smile in the world causing Eleven to look at her with narrowed eyes, Mike – who came back with the camera in hand – to roll his eyes, hating the way that girl treated his friend and then Jennifer, sent her a meaningful look, nagging her for such lack of respect. Stacy simply shrugged and waved her hair, turning her back on them.

Jennifer huffed and turned to look at the others, thanking Mike for fixing the camera while he cashed her out and she turned to Dustin, even though she talked to the three of them as well.

"Are you guys excited for tomorrow? I can't believe that tomorrow is finally our own prom! It's amazing how time went out so fast." she said with the same enthusiasm of a classic teenage girl who had been dreaming about her prom night for four years. Mike and El smiled back at her, mainly because she was nice and she seemed to be pretty honest with the way she kept smiling at them.

Yet Dustin kept spying on Stacy behind the magazine and El wanted to punch him.

"Jenn, let's go! I need to go to the drugstore!" Stacy complained, holding the doorknob. The other girl sighed.

"I'm sorry guys, we are in a hurry. Have a great night!" she said and when Stacy turned around, Jennifer took Dustin's magazine from his hands and turned it around, so he could pretend he was reading it a little more convincing.

The sweetness in which she spoke to him, didn't pass unnoticed for Mike and El.

"See you tomorrow." she whispered and then went to meet her friend who had just left without a word.

Then... *Silence.*

More silence.

And more silence until...

"HOLLY SHIT!" yelled Mike and El, looking at each other both stunned as if they had seen something incredible, and they did. "Jennifer Hayes likes you!"

Dustin looked back at the magazine in hand and then he shook his head, giving El her magazine back not even believing what his friends were saying. "What are you guys talking about? Jennifer has always been nice to me. To everyone, actually."

"Are you blind or stupid?" asked Mike, snapping his fingers in front of him. "Dude, you've lost so much time obsessing over someone as shitty as Stacy that you haven't notice the one that actually likes you."

"I think I've noticed something before, but I thought it was just Jennifer being... Jennifer. She always been nicer than Stacy. She is, after all, a human being and not a bi..."

"Hey, don't say that!" Dustin complained but his friends couldn't help but laugh. They didn't try to help it either.

This time they didn't growled over Dustin defending Stacy, they just kept on making fun of him, making kissing noises because, after all, trying to get him to think properly when Stacy was involved, was like trying to convince a brick wall to become smoke. Finally, after five minutes of mocking, Dustin checked his watch and decided to keep on moving.

"Well, I guess I should be going or I won't find a tux." he said and patted his friends on the shoulder. "What are you guys doing tonight?"

"Ice cream and movies." said Mike, making another receipt like the

one he gave to Jennifer, this one to store.

"Yeah, we were going to see 'Pet Semantery' but there's no point on watching it since I'll get scared and Hopper won't let Mike stay tonight because we're all staying at his house tomorrow after all, so we decided to see 'Field of Dreams'. Karen suggested it, she said it's very good." said El all excited.

"We didn't decide it. You and my mom did, baby." said Mike, grinning.

El looked at him. "True, but you *love* when I plan stuff for us."

"Also true." said Mike, leaning to kiss her.

Dustin opened his mouth to make a comment but he thought about it for a moment, thinking about how ironic it was that they were going to watch a movie about baseball being that, metaphorically speaking, they hadn't make it pass second base yet. There they were, his friends, kissing innocently but, even when they used to make out literally in front of everyone, he knew that after all that time together, they were still *playing*.

He thought about making a joke about it, maybe tell them to learn how to play the fucking game already and have sex so they could spare him another awkward moment like the one he had to witness last summer. They hadn't talked about it, he didn't know if they knew that Dustin had walked to the living room that day to find El on her bathing suit straddling Mike on Lucas's couch and heard her moaning while Mike had his mouth on her breasts. It had been just a split second when Dustin walked back to house, the rest of the party enjoying the sun on the backyard, that he went to ask Mike and El to make lemonade when he saw his friends getting to second base and he immediately turned around and went back with the rest of the party.

Maybe they knew he knew, maybe they had all came to an unspoken agreement to never mention it.

"Have fun, guys!" Dustin finally said, waving at them and walking out of RadioShack.

Mike and Eleven waved back but they kept on kissing, just some innocent pecks until they noticed no one else seemed to be walking in anytime soon, so El sit up on the counter, holding Mike with her knees and he smiled at her right before he claimed her neck with the same wild desire that had been consuming them before Dustin interrupted that afternoon.

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Hi everyone!

I'm finally back with a new story! Like I said before, I've been preparing this story which was going to have three chapters but now it may be more, since I had to split the first chapter in two. Next part will come by weekend too, probably earlier.

*I know its **rated M** and it doesn't makes sense right now... but it will.*

IMPORTANT: *To all those beautiful followers from my Mileven one-shots 'WEIRD STUFF', I need to remind you that, after I'm done with this new story, I'll get back on that serie because there's a lot more to come. Actually it took me a lot to write this one because I had so many new ideas for Weird Stuff. I hope to see you guys there when I return to it, and also to see you guys in here too.*

*To everyone who reads this new story, **please leave a comment** if you want the second chapter to be published because, as many of you already know, I'll keep writing **as long as I have feedback**.*

That said... I'll see you soon!

2. Chapter 2

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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Ch. II

xx

May 13th, 1989.

He felt so stupid.

It was barely past noon that Saturday and Mike was parked outside Mr. Keene's Drugstore, his hands on the wheel, asking himself *why* was it so hard for him to go in there and buy what he wanted to buy.

He didn't know if he *had* to buy it. Okay, it wasn't like he had a choice anyway but, the fact that he assumed he might need it, felt like taking it for granted. That was what bothered him the most, because he didn't know if he was thinking way too positively or not.

Besides, and let's just pretend things would move along and he finds himself ready with the package in hand; how would he manage to reach the moment when he might it? Better yet, how on earth would he explain Eleven that that thing ended up in his hand? Would it make her feel like he took her as a sure thing? Would it make her feel bad?

Because Mike definitely didn't want El to think like that. In the remote chance that they find some alone time and he pulled out a condom from his pocket, Mike still didn't wanted El to believe that he simply assumed they would make love that night, only because it is prom night.

"You have to buy it anyway because you can't do it without it." he said to himself, closing his eyes and leaning back, resting his head on the seat. "Well, I *can* do it without, but I *shouldn't*. Still I can't just

assume she will want to do it even if we've done stuff already, besides, which one should I buy?" he whispered, squeezing his eyes shut, bumping his head on the seat repeatedly, groaning.

He sighed. He should've asked Lucas some help, being that he is the only one of them who wasn't a virgin anymore, but it was embarrassing already facing that moment on his own and needing help would make him feel a little pathetic.

That day, Mike woke up early and drove his car to the car wash and had the premium service, getting his car cleaned, waxed and shiny while he went to the flower shop to buy the corsage he'd put on Eleven's wrist, as it is the tradition. When he was walking inside the flower shop, he bumped into Lucas, leaving the shop with a bag with the same article he also needed to buy.

He wasn't even thinking about what was currently tormenting him, and it wasn't until Lucas spoke that Mike realized he needed to do that too. After talking for a few minutes and after Lucas confessed Max hadn't told him what she would wear, afraid he might not picked a corsage that matches her outfit, the other boy decided he should be moving since he still needed to go to the drugstore to buy condoms before heading home. He waved at Mike, leaving him completely aware he had been ignoring such an important purchase, feeling confused and scared.

Well, scared wasn't exactly the right word, it sounded too negative being that his current torture was directly related to the wonderful chance of making love with his girlfriend for the first time.

Make love to Eleven.

He had been dreaming about it for so long. He had been fantasizing about it every time he took a shower after a day filled with kisses since he became a teenager and, even when at the beginning it was all unshaped ideas and a bunch of hormones exploding inside his body mixed with that kind of love that left him drunk and dumb; it wasn't until after he came back from his interview at MIT that they had finally started to do something more than just kissing. He knew they had reached the moment they were supposed to, he knew that it was perfectly normal to have sex given that they've been together for

so long already. Because they love each other desperately, yet Mike was still afraid that Eleven feels like he is pushing her.

"Wheeler, wake up!" said a young man, tapping on the windshield.

Mike jolted on his seat and sighed. "Hey Steve." he whispered, rolling down the window. Steve leaned to him but immediately moved away.

"Jeez, dude! Aren't you melting in there? It's hotter than hell!" he complained, opening the door and grabbing Mike by the arm, pulling him out of his car.

The teenager stepped out of his Capri, taking the bag with the corsage with him in case the flowers get ruined because of the heat trapped inside the car, which had been parked under the sun for over twenty minutes. Steve gave him a friendly push and leaned against the car next to him.

"What are you doing here?" asked Steve and he offered Mike his cool drink. He took it, shrugging.

"Just thinking. How about you?"

Steve put his hand on his hips, looking at the boy in next to him leaning against a shiny, recently washed car, with a fancy bag in hand.

"Dusty asked me to come and help him look his best for tonight." he answered, almost missing the moment where he decided that the mere request of a teenage boy for help could make him drive all the way from his apartment in Indianapolis to his home town, and give moral support to his little friend.

Mike snickered and Steve felt insulted.

"Hey, this is all your fault, shit-heads!" he complained, lifting his Ray Ban to his forehead and causing Mike to start laughing outright. Steve hissed. "Fuck, I wonder how the hell I ended up stuck with a bunch of nerds."

Mike kept on laughing. "I'm sorry." he said, not feeling remorseful at

all and Steve hit him in the head, playfully.

"Ugh, you are all sweat." he groaned, looking at his hand and cleaning it on his pants. "So tell me, what were you doing under the sun, dude? Shouldn't you be preparing your..." he gestured at the boy. "Well, preparing for tonight?"

Mike frowned. "It's in the *night*. I just need a shower and change my clothes, that's it." he stated as it was obvious. It was after all, he knew that girls take the hardest part being that they had to worry about hairdos, make up, a dress and walking around their houses a thousand times looking for everything to be perfect.

Steve shook his head. "No, I meant, shouldn't you be at home or at your girlfriend's house?"

Mike sighed. "El had arranged breakfast with Joyce and she needed help with her dress, she had to sew on something, I don't know. Besides, she told me I'm not allowed to see her until she is ready, that it's bad luck."

Steve laughed. "Dude, it's not like if you guys are getting married tonight. Tell your girlfriend its bad luck to see the bride before the wedding, not prom."

Mike simply nodded, looking back to the drugstore in front of them without any further comment. Even when Steve was right, he considered that waiting to see Eleven was, for the first time, the best idea. He couldn't imagine himself having the doubts and fears he has now while sitting next to her watching TV or whatever. Damn, he was literally there and it was hard enough for him trying to gather the courage to walk in the store on his own.

Steve, nevertheless and probably because he knew those kids like the back of his hand, paid attention to the boy next to him. Even if Mike wasn't the most talkative one from the party (or 'his kids', as Steve usually refers when he talks about them at work), he still considered himself close enough to the boy as with the rest of them and he immediately noticed that something was going on and he kind of guessed what it was. He didn't needed much evidence really, just watching him there hours before such an important night, a shiny

clean car, a bag with a fresh corsage and the way the boy's eyes kept bouncing from the drugstore and the floor and back; that he realized exactly what was tormenting him.

"Hey." called Steve, patting Mike on the shoulder. "Sex after prom it's as American as apple pie, you know? It's like tradition."

Mike jolted, looking at him with shock and fear written all over his face. "H-how do y-you... W-who told you...?"

And even if no one told him, Steve needed no further evidence than Mike's blush and that clear panicked tone in his voice, to realize with a bit of surprise that he hit a nerve.

"Holy shit, Wheeler, don't tell me that tonight is *the* night." Steve said, truly amazed and a little entertained as well. Even if he thought Mike's nerves were somehow related with sex, he didn't thought until then that the boy next to him and his girlfriend since their pre-teens years hadn't had sex yet. "Wheeler, is this your first time?"

Mike almost choked with his own tongue, blushing so hard that Steve believed he would pass out.

"T-that's not of your business!"

"Yeah, yes it is." answered Steve, as serious as a heart attack.

Mike was still in shock, feeling a little – a lot – embarrassed, putting his hands in the air and opening his mouth but not knowing what to say for a couple of seconds.

Eventually he asked. "*When* has my sex life became *your* business?"

Steve – fucking Steve – snorted, patting Mike on the shoulder playfully, smiling at him.

"Because clearly you have no idea what to do and because, if you are that scared, you have no one else than me to talk to." he said, truthfully.

Mike sighed, staring at his feet.

"Uhm... thanks?"

Steve squeezed his shoulder and looked at him before shaking his head. He couldn't believe it.

"How hadn't it happened yet? Are you guys having problems finding some alone time or...?"

"No, it's not that." answered Mike, looking back at him. "We have plenty of time, you know, after school when I drive her home and I don't have to work. It's just that... I don't know, I guess we've been moving slow."

"I bet!" the young man laughed. "You guys have been together for over four years and you are leaving to college, like a million miles away, in a couple of months."

Mike looked at him with narrowed eyes. "That's not what I mean. I wasn't suggesting we are slow. What I meant to say was that, we always have such a good time when we are together as it is that we already feel... complete, you know? Like, I'm with her and my day is perfect, I don't need anything else."

Steve nodded, feeling a little immature at hearing the way those two loved each other. It was no secret that the bond between Mike and El was so strong not even Superman would be able to destroy it, (because El would kick his ass, too).

"Besides I don't want to rush her to do anything, I don't want her to think that kissing isn't good enough anymore because it totally is. Kissing her means everything to me, it's just that, you know. I'm leaving and..."

"You wanna leave with a good memory." Steve said, thinking that was it.

It wasn't.

"No! Eleven and I won't break up because I'm moving to Massachusetts, you dumbass. It's not that, it's just..." Mike bit his lip and looked back at the floor, unable to find the words he needed. "I just don't want her to feel like we *have* to do it, I don't want to push

her."

"Dude, chill." said Steve, soothing him. He knew Mike could easily start panicking.

It was pretty ironic, actually. That boy is probably the bravest guy Steve had ever met in his life when life-threatening situations or interdimensional monsters were among them or if that girl's safety was on jeopardy, yet he could get as scared as a mouse when he thought about making love to the love of his life.

"Have you guys talked about it?"

Mike nodded, remembering and telling Steve about that time when they talked about it, about being ready and leaving their fears behind. He just missed the part where they found Nancy's picture, since he didn't need to know something like that.

"Okay so, aside from having the sex talk; have you guys done... *stuff*?" asked Steve, almost hearing Mike yelling at him.

Surprisingly Mike simply smiled and answered. "Yeah, we've done stuff." he said, looking at his feet with a big smile. Yes, they've done stuff alright, and they were very good at that.

Steve bit his lip, amazed and proud. "My man! That's my boy, ladies and gentleman!" he cheered, hugging him playfully. "So, how was it?"

The boy blushed again but decided to answer, after all if he didn't talk with Steve, with whom could he talk to?

"Good, I mean we haven't done everything, obviously. We've started touching each other last summer but it wasn't until recently that we uhmm... When we go out and make out in the car that we, you know, we started doing *that* without actually doing it..."

"Dry hump." Steve interrupted, unable to hide his surprise and his pride. And how much he wanted to laugh. Mike covered his ears, scandalized.

"You jackass! You have to call it that!?"

"But that's what it is, isn't it?"

Mike huffed, hating Steve again before sighing. "Yes, that's what it is."

The young man crossed his arms and shrugged, looking at the boy. "So, if you guys have come so far, what are you worrying about? I mean, she has been your girlfriend for like a hundred years, you already got somewhere between second and third base basically, you've talked about it. Damn, you too are so in love with each other only a stupid, lobotomized person wouldn't notice. Why are you panicking for?"

Mike shrugged too and Steve sighed, looking at him and how he seemed so lost. He stood there for a moment, watching him. Now that he knew, he noticed a hickey on Mike's neck only half covered by his shirt caused, no doubt, by Eleven during one of the moments they had talked about. Then he noticed the bag Mike was holding and he took it, looking at the corsage and the red roses on it.

"Red dress? Hot."

Mike wasn't listening. He just keeps thinking about his fears, not knowing what to say to Steve when he asked what he was worrying about. He knew that being afraid of the same thing after all this time was simply absurd and, at the same time, all those feelings made him feel dizzy because he was afraid that when he leaves to college, El would regret giving him her first time in case they make love that night or any other night before September and, at the same time, he was dying to make love with her. He didn't want to leave without having the chance to make love with her, to be as close as it was humanly possible, to share that kind of intimacy; he didn't want to do it only because he had to leave far away from there. It wasn't just sexual desire – ok, there was a lot of that – but, it wasn't just sex. Mike wants to make love to Eleven because it really means taking their love to practice. He wants to make her moan his name; he wants to make her feel more beautiful than ever. He wants to sink deep inside of her, he wants her to open up for him and feel the luckiest guy on earth because he'd get granted the chance to go to heaven with her legs wrapped around his waist.

Mike wants to make love with his girlfriend before going to college

because he wants them to brand each other as property; he wants to go all the way so, when he'd be far away, she'd never doubt that he's thinking about her. He wants Eleven to never doubt that Mike, being far or nearby, always belongs to her and that he'd be counting the days until he sees her again and touches her again and melt with her in the kind of closeness they waited years to share and that, maybe, would happen that night for the first time, opening a new world ahead of them, creating a bond that would be stronger, keeping them together forever.

He hadn't planned for that night to be the night, they hadn't planned it and he didn't want the cliché of the first time on the night of their senior prom, yet he couldn't imagine a more suitable night being that she loves all those clichés, thanks to all those soap operas she'd seen had taught her.

"Wheeler." called Steve, the bag and the corsage in hand. "She will wear a red dress?"

Mike blinked. "Oh, uhm, no, I don't know actually. She told me to pick whatever I want because her dress is a surprise."

Steve nodded and noticed how Mike kept looking at the pharmacy's door and, without any further comment, he gave him his bag and looked at him one last time before taking him by his shirt, dragging the boy with him.

"Come here, whether of you have sex tonight or not, you'll need to buy condoms without fainting." he said. "Do you know how to put one?"

Mike suddenly found himself being dragged by Steve to the drugstore in a twisted turn of events to buy condoms like if it was as natural as breathing.

"Well, yeah, we had sex ed two years ago." he said. The tone in his voice was begging him not to show him because he was sure he would never be able to look at him in the eye again.

Steve was very happy to know that because, even when it had been a few years since Nancy and he broke up, even if Mike was one of 'his

kids', it wasn't really a pleasant idea having to show his former brother-in-law how to put clothes on his little buddy.

"Good."

xx

Mike was aware that he shouldn't get surprised when things got twisted and the events of his day changed from what he thought at first, finding himself doing things he would have never thought he would do.

Things like, for example, walking behind Steve Harrington in a drugstore, holding a basket in hand and buying condoms with him as a guide.

"Okay, since you have no idea what you're getting into, at least you should be careful while you discover it." said Steve walking in front of him and standing right next to a colourful, pretty aisle. "Here, my boy, welcome to Latex-world!"

Mike closed his eyes, ashamed.

"Is it necessary shouting it?"

"Yes." answered Steve, holding Mike by his shirt, showing him a big aisle of rubbers.

"I still don't understand why you want a basket. How many condoms do you think I'll need for one time?" asked the boy looking at Steve, who wasn't paying any attention to him.

But he was paying attention; he just decided that if they should move forward he should ignore Mike's bullshit.

"You're not buying a condom every time you have sex, Wheeler." said Steve, rather accurately. In front of them there were plenty of colourful boxers, plenty of brands and styles and next to the most popular ones, a big long box made possible for people to take one condom individually; a great idea for someone who had to try them all. "Okay, first thing you should know it's than no two condoms are the same."

Mike nodded; he was a quick and devoted student after all. Besides no good could come if he missed his lessons and chose to blush and faint.

Steve took a regular, see-thought white condom, until then the only one Mike had seen before. They used it in sex ed a long time ago.

"Okay, so this is the classic, regular condom. It's safe, yes but has nothing else to offer. You can still feel with this little guy wrapping your little buddy, but you'll need lube because it's not lubricated and you'll *need* lube."

"You like the word 'lube', don't you?"

Steve giggled and handed him the little package.

Mike took it and noticed some kind of oil on it. "But it has lube, look!" he pointed out and Steve shook his head, taking it from him and placing it back where it came from.

"No, oil and lube isn't the same thing, Wheeler." explained Steve, taking two bottles: one with a yellow-ish kind of liquid and the other with a clear one, showing him both. "Here, this is oil; usually it's used when people give each other erotic massages or something. It's slippery, sure it make easy for guys to get inside other people's private areas but after a while it rips off the condom."

Mike had his eyes wide open. "Right in that moment?"

"Yeah, and even if you notice before you have an orgasm, even if your brain has any clear thought left while you're moving inside your girlfriend, believe me when I tell you that is almost impossible to stop once you are inside, only because you have to replace the fucking rubber." he explained and left the oil bottle behind, giving Mike the other one. "So here, water based lube instead of that one, always. It's slippery, it doesn't stain, is scent-free and it's the best friend your little guy can have when it's happy and not just hanging in there." joked Steve, putting the lube in the basket and Mike decided he hated him.

"Ugh, dude, do you have to name my junk every single time?" he

asked, feeling unbelievable uncomfortable.

"Sure I do!" Steve replied happily and now showing him two different kinds of condoms. "You can also have these. This one here is made of latex, simple, very common and it has lube in and out. It's thin and you can trust it. You may wanna get a bunch of these." he said, putting like seven of those in the basket and then he showed him another. "Here, you also have these types of condoms. Can you see it has like dots and patterns?"

Mike took it. He noticed that in the ring of the condom and the centre there was a lot of little dots and they seemed to form some kind of pattern like Steve said, like a drawing.

"They come dotted, ribbed, studded and they are not made for your penis to look pretty." he clarified, seeing the confusion in Mike's chocolate eyes. "Those drawings are texture so when you put it on, they are designed to increase stimulation for both of you as you get it on."

Mike studied it with sincere curiosity and nodded, finding it interesting to try eventually. He put it in the basket.

"Still, since it's the first time, I wouldn't recommend using it until you guys are more experienced. You see, the friction during the first couple of times is particularly strong, being that your girlfriend is really tight because she's a virgin so this condom might rub her in the wrong way. Let her adjust to your girth and size first and leave the dick-art for later on."

Mike hated him again. "You are embarrassing me, you know that right?"

Steve couldn't help – and didn't try – to hold back a snicker. "I know, this is the best day of my life."

Mike rolled his eyes.

"Look, these ones are polyurethanes. Are you or El allergic to latex?" he asked and since Mike shrugged, he continued. "Polyurethanes rubbers aren't made of latex. It's just as thin, just as safe. So, in the

remote chance that either you or she is allergic to latex, this one will be your best friend."

He gave him a bunch of those too. Mike then stayed quiet while Steve kept pacing around the aisle, looking for those he had evidently tried at least once. He was a little mesmerized by the infinite variations, the sizes, the colours, the...

"Hey, I like these one... *Ouch!*" Mike complained when Steve hit his hand when he tried to get a black and green box of condoms with the Star Wars logo on it.

"Oh no, dude. I won't let you act like a freaking dork on your first time, nuh-uh. That poor girl had already seen you playing with a lightsaber in Halloween; she doesn't need to play with your lightsaber as well."

Mike eyed rolled him again and put the box back in the shelf, hoping to buy it one day. Although, now that he gave the matter a second thought, Steve was making a good point. If he ever finds himself with a glowing-in-the-dark boner, he'd probably start playing with it and not in the way that he should play.

"What does lambskin means?" asked the boy, taking a box on his own.

"Exactly what you read, Mike. Olden-day condoms were made from intestines. These days, the most popular animal membrane condoms are lambskin and, like polyurethanes, those are made for people allergic to latex."

Mike curled his nose. "Ew."

"I know." Steve agreed.

While Steve seemed to be looking for something in particular, Mike begun to wander around the aisle and that big amount of rubbers around him. He realized that, as mortified as he might be, he was really grateful with Steve. As far as he knows, he just needed a condom but he would have definitely started panicking if he went in there alone and found himself surrounded by all those options, not

knowing which one he should take. And he would have never asked Mr. Keene for help, because he knew his mother.

"Rubbers with spermicide are intended to offer double the protection by killing sperm with a chemical-laced lube..." he read in a box but Steve told him to stay away from it, given that many people gets an allergic reaction to the stuff it has. Mike placed it back in the self and then he notice one big ass package with a condom only a horse would wear. "Who the fuck has a dick this big!?"

Steve went next to him and immediately hit his head. "You dumbass, can't you read? It's a female condom, you douchebag!"

"... Huh?"

"Don't worry, leave it. It looks like a floppy elephant trunk anyway and it's very uncomfortable." he concluded and filled the basket with tons of colourful condoms. "Look, you can have fun with these too."

Mike gave him a questioning look. "What's with the rainbow?"

"Flavour, my friend. Cherry, blueberry, vanilla, mint, watermelon, orange, pineapple..." he said with a gigantic grin and winked at him. "You're welcome."

Mike's cheeks were as red as the flowers in the corsage he bought that morning. "Oh my God."

"You can pray later, Wheeler, look! These one I wanted to show you." Steve came back with a box of condoms that said *'Ice&Hot'*. "These little shits are your worst enemy. Stay the hell away from them."

Mike frowned. "Then why...?"

"Because I don't want you to experience what I went through. I have no idea who came up with the brilliant thought that this piece of crap would sell. It has this weird hot lube on the inside and it feels like your dick is literally on fire, and not in the good way. Then, on the out side it has this ice cold lube that, from what my girlfriend told me, it feels like she is being fucked by a popsicle. So, now you see it..." said Steve, moving the box in front of then and put it back in it's self. "... And now you don't."

Yeah, thank God for Steve Harrington and his help. He would have definitely bought something that stupid if he'd go on his own.

"And last but not least, Wheeler, the holy grail of safe-sex. The ultra-thin Trojans." he sang, giving Mike two whole boxes of those to add on the basket. "Like I said, they are so thin it feels like you're wearing absolutely nothing. They come with extra lube in and out, they are strong, they won't rip-off and they adjust to your length perfectly. So, if you have sex with your girlfriend tonight, I highly recommend these ones."

Mike listened carefully and nodded, reading the instructions while his former interdimensional monster's/baby-sitter was giving him a whole lecture of pleasure and protection.

"Alright." whispered Mike and looked back at Steve, coming this time with a razor in hand.

"Here, I bet you need it." he said with a crooked smile, putting the razor in Mike's basket.

The teenage boy frowned, rubbing his jaw with his hand, clearly confused.

"But I don't have any beard." he pointed out while walking behind Steve, going towards the register but Steve turned around, lifted his Ray Ban for a second and gave Mike a meaningful look, wandering his eyes from his feet to his eyes and back.

The boy finally understood. "Oh..."

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After paying for a big amount of condoms that would get him covered for a long time and after pretending he didn't catch Mr. Keene's weird looks when the two of them went to pay for that big amount of rubbers, Steve and Mike left the drugstore and stopped next to the boy's car.

"Alright, Wheeler, my mission is completed. I gotta run now, I promised my parents I'd visit before going to Dusty's house." said the young man, patting Mike on the back and walking back to his own

car.

Mike nodded and smiled at him. Despite all those shades of red he made him blush that afternoon when he gave him a tour around rubber-world, Mike was truly grateful.

"Hey Steve!" called Mike and the other guy turned around. "Thank you. I'll never forget this."

Steve smiled back. "Please try not to think of me if you have sex tonight." he joked and Mike's grin turned into a frown in a second. "Good luck!"

"Fuck you!" yelled Mike, yet he was smiling again.

"No, please, *you* fuck, I'm begging you!" Steve yelled back and went to his car.

Mike stood there and shook his head before getting into his Capri with a corsage in a fancy bag in one hand, a paper bag filled with lube and condoms on the other and a promising night ahead of him.

Whether if the sex would come up that night or not, the thought of going to pick up El and look at his girlfriend walking towards him with the mystery dress, filled Mike with a confidence he hadn't experienced until then. Because he was sure, whether if they'd have sex that night or not, that his prom night would be the best night of his life.

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Well, folks. And that's what safe sex it's all about.

Oh my, I swear I had planned something entirely different but I loved the idea of Steve coming to the rescue. Besides I think Mike would need help, since it's a balance from the passionate side of him when he is making out with El and then his nervous side, since he wants to do everything perfect for her.

I don't know. I hope you guys liked it.

Thank you to all of you who had left comments, you guys are the best

*and I loved them. And, to everyone else, please tell me what you thought so I'd know whether to continue or not. I'll keep uploading **as long as I have feedback.***

Now, who would El talk to? :O

3. Chapter 3

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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Ch. III

xx

May 13th, 1989 – at the cabin –.

That morning around 10 am, Eleven woke up earlier than she used to on weekends.

Usually she wakes up around noon on Saturdays and Sundays since she needs to recover from the torture that is waking up at 6 am every day to go to school, which – for her – is completely insane. The only times Eleven woke up before noon on weekends are those when Mike came to cabin to have breakfast together before he goes to work (so romantic), or during those few times when Hopper allowed him to spend the night. At first, and being that those occasional and lucky sleepovers started when they were fifteen years old, Hopper had forbidden them to sleep together, which meant Mike on the couch and Eleven in her room at all times but, after *that* time when he found them sleeping together – but not breaking any rule –, her father finally went soft and let them share the bedroom and the bed as long as they keep the door open.

Compromise.

Of course they weren't going to do anything because they would be so busted and, even before they started touching each other like they've been doing since last year, it was on those weekends when Mike stayed in the cabin that Eleven naturally woke up earlier because that way, she could enjoy more of him. She could stay several minutes or hours looking at him while he sleeps; she could admire with no shame the way his parted lips allowed her to see

those shiny teeth behind the most delicious full lips she just couldn't get enough from. She enjoyed supporting her head in one arm, a smile on her lips while she marvelled on Mike's expressions while he kept dreaming, his dark eyelashes caressing his freckles and how she adored when the corners of his mouth drew a smile before whispering her name. Yes, those mornings were the best and they were so worthy of her to wake up at the crack of dawn if it was necessary, as long as she could admire Mike a little bit more without shame and totally free.

That day, clearly, wasn't such day.

Eleven sat up on the bed and rubbed her head because she knew that if she stayed there, she would get back to sleep and therefore she would get really behind her schedule. She thought about the dream she had, the hands on her body that she could still feel, those lips kissing their way through her skin. Those chocolate eyes devouring her and, at the same time, adoring her, admiring her like if she was made of gold or something even more precious. She still felt the stinging sensation mixed with pleasure between her legs, she still remembered the way it felt to feel Mike inside of her, moving and thrusting and she huffed because it had all been just a *dream*.

"I can't take it anymore." she huffed and it was true.

Eleven wasn't able to handle her dreams anymore, she was sick of wanting more of him. She needed him entire now, she had needed him for a while now and, even when she knew Mike felt the same, she couldn't get him to understand that she wanted to have sex. She sighed and massaged her shoulder and her neck; trying to relax her muscles when she felt a tender spot right there and immediately knew that Mike left a huge hickey as a reminder of the night before.

El smiled thinking about that new kind of intimacy they've been sharing since a few weeks ago (and last night) on Mike's car. He did marvellous things with his fingers while she moved on top of him, straddling him on the driver's seat, rubbing against his crotch and giving him the friction he loved. Her fingers where lost between his curls while he devoured her neck and she whimpered; she knew then that if he left a hickey there, her prom dress wouldn't be able to hide it but, asking Mike to stop was simply impossible especially when his

fingers were moving in a way that erased every freaking thought in her brain.

When Eleven finally got up from bed she took the mirror on her nightstand to see that Mike, indeed, left a *huge* mauve hickey on her skin. Very sexy, sure, but she would need a lot of foundation to cover it and hide it from Hopper.

"El, are you awake?" asked a sudden voice on the other side of her bedroom door followed by a soft knock.

She frowned although she wasn't upset and opened the door to her unexpected guest.

She yawned. "... Good morning, Will." El greeted him, smiling while rubbing her eyes and hugged him briefly. "What brings you here?"

She didn't ask him why was he inside the cabin, after all Joyce had an emergency key.

Eleven looked around the living room walking right to the kitchen in her pyjamas and barefoot, noticing that Hopper was nowhere in sight and neither was the breakfast he used to leave prepared when he had to go in a rush. The cabin was warm but not so much, it was still early and the sun light coming from outside made her feel like she could just take a little nap on the hammock outside.

Will smiled, more than accustomed to watch her like that. It had been years of sleepovers with the party, – girls included –, besides in a few months she would be living in his house too, when his mother and Hopper tie the knot.

"I came to pick you up. Mom said you were coming around noon to sew something on your dress and she had to do your hair or something, I don't remember; but Hopper called saying he had to work and you'd need a ride." he explained. "Mom said you should come now, have breakfast together already and chill until Mike picks us up."

Evidently Hopper left just a few minutes before she'd woke up since the coffee was still hot in the pot. She took the thermal mug Mike

bought for her when he came back from Massachusetts, filling it with coffee while Will talked.

"Here, drink this." she ordered. He went there to pick her up before breakfast which meant he probably hadn't drink anything yet and he looked like he needed it. "You worked extra shifts again last night, didn't you?"

He nodded and took a sip, playing with the car keys.

"I wanted to cover tonight and tomorrow's shifts so I would have Sunday all by myself." he said and then drank some more, enjoying the bitterness of his drink and remembered how he used to hate coffee when he was a kid.

Eleven was two seconds away from nagging him for working until late but, hearing that he would take the weekend to rest, calmed her. It was such a special bond the one she shared with Will, caused no doubt by fate and the events that made their paths to become one given that she played a huge role on the worst week of his life, – but also the best week for her – and then, after being connected without knowing it, after a year of insulation and another week of danger; she finally met him to live in the same world sharing the same life, the same friends and soon, the same family as well.

He will soon become her brother when Hopper and Joyce get married but the truth was that he had been his brother for a while already.

"Let's go." he said, pulling her out of her thoughts, smiling. "Got everything ready? Mom said you can shower at home, just bring your bag."

El nodded and told him to wait a little bit since she still had to go to the bathroom and brush her teeth. While Will stayed on the couch waiting for her to be ready, she followed her morning routine and then took a better look at the hickey Mike gave her the night before. With the light in the bathroom she noticed bite marks around it and smiled, thinking about the dream she had. She loved how Mike took over her skin like that, sometimes her neck, sometimes her stomach, sometimes her shoulders; she loved feeling his breath against her skin while he kissed his way through every sensitive spot in her body and

how he took advantage every time she let him devour her.

After brushing her teeth she went back to her room and changed into the pink shorts she wore last night and a classic white t-shirt to cover the hickey from everyone else – although Will totally saw it, only he was too kind to tease her – and picked all the things she needed for her bag. She had to take her make up, toothbrush, clean underwear, perfume and another change of clothes since they would all spend the night at the Wheeler's on a post-prom sleepover. Mike's parents had to go to Ted's parents house in Michigan and they were leaving after Karen has the chance to torture Mike with pictures for his senior prom, leaving the house empty for the party to celebrate.

"El, want some help?" asked Will from the couch. He wasn't an impatient kid but he was hungry.

"Yeah, you can take my shoes and the dress to the car already, Will. I'm almost done anyway." she said and he took the box with her prom dress.

"May I?" he asked, feeling curious about the mystery dress no one had seen before. She nodded and Will opened the box, watching what she will wear and why she kept the secret for so long. "Wow! Mike's gonna have a heart attack. That or he'll kick us out and kidnap you for the rest of the night."

Eleven smiled while she kept on putting stuff in her bag and a dry towel since she didn't like Joyce's towels – they were orange, she hates orange – and a few more items for both days, given that she'd be back probably by Sunday night and she wasn't going to wear her prom dress the whole time. Although if Will was right, she hoped she wouldn't need clothes at all if it meant finally making love with Mike.

xx

Now in the car, Will was driving and enjoying El's coffee while she chose between his many tapes something to listen to while they drove down the road. The morning was beautiful, the breeze though the window was fresh but not cold and she stayed relaxed on her seat, enjoying the view and the fact that a great night was upon them.

Their prom night.

After many years of watching prom nights in movies and all those soap operas she loved, Eleven understood that the senior prom was something to look up to. It wasn't just a dance; it was *the* dance, the most important one. The charm of the last dance she'd enjoy along with her friends because even if they went to other dances before since the Snowball, she knew that that night was the biggest, most important one. The perfect night, the night that would crown the best years of her life when she finally enjoyed living as a real human being having friends, a boyfriend, a father, and by the end of the year a new mother, although Joyce had been like a mom to her since they met the night of the tub.

While the fresh air caressed her cheeks and Will kept sipping on his coffee and made some small talk given that they were both still a little sleepy, El looked at him for a moment thinking that he might be feeling the same way about that day. They were bonded because if he would have never disappeared she would have never been rescued and, at the same time, she would have never helped their friends and family to find him. He would have died; he would have never enjoyed his senior prom.

"What's up, El?" Will asked, looking at her for a second and then back to the road.

She shook her head. "Nothing just... Thinking about you, I guess. About everyone actually but mostly about you, about this day, about life and the night ahead of us. I was thinking about how everything turned to be so our parents started dating, how you and I went through hell and back and now we can live happily. I was thinking about what it meant to meet you."

She was smiling and leaned on his shoulder, closing her eyes. Will smiled too.

"Who would have said that I was the last one to meet you and, in the end, we'll be part of the same family, right?" he said with a big smile. "Well, later on Mike will also join us."

Eleven smiled wider when he said that about the love of her life.

"Yes, he will."

Because she was *sure* he will, because just like the bond she shares with Will because of the events of their lives that only existed in comic books or movies – and Hawkins –, she also *knew* that the bond she shares with Mike existed since a long time, probably since they were born, probably longer than that.

Mike explained it once when they were doing a Literature essay and she found this Japanese legend about people that were meant to be together. The thread of fate, the red thread of fate she believed it was. This legend said that whatever happens, wherever you live, there were people who had the other end of this metaphoric thread tied on their fingers and those people would eventually found each other no matter what because they were meant to be together, because they were made for each other.

Eleven looked at her finger and imagined this red thread wrapped tight on her and, on its other end, there was Mike's finger who was born to be *hers*, same way she was born to be *his*.

Suddenly she begun to wander around everything she'd been feeling lately, how much they have grown and what the future holds. Mike was leaving in September to college and, even when Eleven knew that that doesn't mean breaking up, even when they would still be together only with miles apart, even when she knew Mike would call her to make her feel loved and relax; every time she thought that she'd soon kiss him goodbye until December, Eleven broke down and cried. She didn't wanted to make him feel bad or guilty but she could barely resist spending more than ten hours without kissing him, how on earth would she managed to survive months without having Mike in her arms? How would she resist months without touching his hair, without Mike's fingers playing with her curls? How would she take a nap without Mike cuddling her, how would she live without the new kind of intimacy they've been sharing lately?

How would she live with the urges burning in between her legs? How would she live without his fingers touching her, without his kisses everywhere?

It wasn't just because he was going to leave for college, it wasn't that

she feared he might find another girl because Eleven was sure enough that Mike is as in love with her as she is in love with him, it was a fact and she knew that the same way she knew she couldn't live without breathing.

Eleven wants to go all the way, she wants to feel him deep inside her body. She couldn't take anymore of those dreams she had that were proof of her need of him, she couldn't bare experimenting the burning and pleasure from having him inside of her only to wake up and find out it was only her imagination. She wanted to *live it*, she wanted to *finally* have sex with him, she needed to.

She wanted to leave her mark on him, to place a label on Mike so everyone would know he belongs to her and only her by giving him her biggest treasure and surrender to all kind of pleasures. She needed him to leave a trail of kisses on her skin, to label her as well for the world to see that just like he belongs to her, she belongs to him *forever*.

Because her soul was already his since some celestial being or a Japanese legend tied the ends of a red thread on her fingers.

Because her existence had one purpose and that was meeting him.

Because giving Mike her heart was the best thing Eleven had ever done.

Now she couldn't wait anymore, he earned what was coming. It was time to give him her body too.

"I wanna have sex with Mike. Tonight." stated Eleven abruptly and Will spat the coffee he was drinking.

"Oh man!" Will complained although it was at himself for having the wheel, the windshield and his clothes covered with his drink. He stopped the car and cleaned the mess with a dishcloth he had for when there was a dense fog.

El looked at him with the tiniest smile. "Sorry?" she said although she was a little amused.

Will smiled. "No, that's okay, you just caught me out of guard." he

said, wiping the coffee but he couldn't help to blush while he felt Eleven's eyes on him, maybe waiting for an answer, a word... anything at all. "So." he hesitated. "You wanna do that huh."

Eleven nodded.

"And..." Will cleared his throat, suddenly too dry maybe because he felt a little – a lot – ashamed. It wasn't something he was used to discuss, even when he knew the relationship he has with the party is one of complete trust and *everyone* could tell the rest of the group *anything*, – he himself came out to them when he confessed his sexual orientation and they all supported him more than he thought they would –; Will wasn't as good as them when they had to talk about real issues in a practical way. He wasn't ready to talk about real sex yet and less of all with his sister-to-be. "So, uhm, you wanna talk about it... with me?"

Eleven nodded (*crap!*), except that this time her smile was replaced by a frown, confusing Will. He could tell she was nervous and scared. He sighed; he wondered why she couldn't talk to his mom or Max.

Will pulled over to a side of the street, even when they were quite far from town and hardly any car drove that way, it was easier to prevent. He took a deep breath and finally looked back at her, speechless.

"Well..." he began. "Now I understand why you two couldn't get enough from each other and kept making out everywhere." he tried to pull out a desperate kind of joke like Dustin would do to ease the tension. He just hoped she would go for it.

She did.

"Are we that obvious?" El asked, smiling a bit.

Will smiled back and nodded, both looking straight at each other. "I'm sorry El for asking you this but, how hasn't it happened yet? Are you having doubts or...?"

His questions weren't done in order for her to feel insecure. He, in fact, thought that the proper age to start having sex was at seventeen,

not earlier, but Mike and El's relationship isn't like anyone else's relationship. Everybody knew that what they have is unique and he kind of figured they were having sex since last year, but no.

El thought about what Will asked and the way he was looking at her. She felt a little ashamed because she didn't planned having such talk with him, in fact she didn't planned having that talk with anyone that isn't Mike but she really didn't know what to do. She wasn't afraid, she wasn't having doubts about what she wanted because she was sure Mike is the *only one* she ever wanted to make love with that night and every single day of her life; but beyond what she wanted she was pretty lost too.

"No, Will. That's not it." she bit her nail. Joyce was going to give her a manicure so she didn't bothered. "I know I want to make love with him. I've known for a while already but I don't know what to do."

The boy frowned, confused.

"Well, I believe Mike will know what to do. You know, when he has to put..."

"Oh no, I didn't mean what to do during sex, I meant I don't know what to do to make sex happen, you know?" the girl clarified and Will looked even more confused. She explained. "What I mean is that Mike and I had already done stuff. Yesterday for example, we finished the movie and stayed behind the cinema in his car. It was dark so I climbed onto him and put his hand on my..."

"Whoa, stop stop! Please, El don't put that image in my head, I'm begging you."

Eleven blushed. "Sorry, Will." she apologized in between giggles. "It's just that we've done stuff, *a lot* of stuff. I think Max told me it's third base when..."

"Yeah yeah, I get it." Interrupted Will, trying to keep her from spilling more details. He rubbed his forehead in an attempt to keep the image of his friend and his sister-to-be doing whatever they did away from his mind. "Okay so, what is it, El? You guys had done stuff already, and please don't tell me anything specific or I'll never be able to look

at Mike in the eye again."

Will's pleading was sincere, his green eyes shining on his pink face and it made El feel a little sorry for placing him into that conversation and making him feel so awkward, but she also thought he looked really cute, embarrassed or not. She loved him.

Then Will snorted, leaning on the wheel. "I don't understand, El. Why haven't you guys done it already?"

Her answer made him jolt. "I don't know!" she was desperate.

"I don't know, Will. Every time we are together I get this fire inside of me. I feel like burning, like if I'm about to burst. It started last year, it came as the need of *touching* him, feel him when we were making out and we started doing that when he came back from his interview at MIT, remember? At first it was all soft, tender and a little bit awkward but it was very nice. He begun touching me here and there, very sweet but then..." she said, breathing heavy. "Then his touches became super intense and frequent and we started to do a lot more stuff so I thought we were going to do it any day now, but Mike doesn't say anything!" she complained.

It was understandable after all. They've been somewhat intimate already; they should have done it by now. They were clearly ready.

"He doesn't say anything?" asked Will, a little less pink and a little startled. Eleven seemed really desperate, thirsty and horny to the bone. Will closed his eyes; he didn't need to know that.

"Not about sex, no. We have plenty of time alone in the cabin, you know? When Mike doesn't have to work he stays with me after school doing homework or having fun. Afternoons are our intense make out moment of the day and I always end up sitting onto him while..." *we dry hump like crazy*, she was tempted to say but Will would have died. "While we do what I told you, and I look at him and he looks at me with those gorgeous chocolate eyes, dilated pupils and parted lips, his breath mixing with mine and there's this fire in his eyes that makes me believe he will grab my butt, take me to the bed and make love to me right there and then but... no. He just leans towards me and claims my neck kissing and biting and I melt again."

She pulled down her shirt a bit so Will could take a – better – look at the hickey on her neck.

Will had already noticed the hickey but he look at it again. He snickered. "Wow, you guys really know how to warm up, huh?"

Eleven nodded only, this time, she wasn't laughing or giggling. "Not funny, Will." she said and stopped for a moment, taking a deep breath. "I'm scared, you know? I'm afraid that Mike leaves before we make love."

Okay, now Will was lost.

"El, wait. You are not suggesting he will go to college to...?"

"Oh no!" she assured him. Dustin had already taken control of those fears the year before. "I swear that's not it."

The boy nodded, relaxed. "Good, because you know Mike in unquestionably and madly in love with you, El, right?"

Eleven smiled and nodded too. "Yes. And I, for the record, am unquestionably and madly in love with Mike too. You know, he is just *everything* to me, Will. I have no words." she took another breath. "I have no words and I have no more bases to go to. I can't stop kissing him, I've been having these dreams in which Mike carries me in his arms and places me in the bed at home and he figures what I want and everything is so passionate and romantic."

Will listened although he was hoping she wouldn't spill any more details about their intimacy.

"But he doesn't, Will. Every time we get there and I see the desire and passion in his eyes that makes my fire so strong it consumes me, Mike just uses his fingers on me and... *Oh my*, I swear I have no complains about that." she whispered, biting her lip, remembering the previous night when she was sure she screamed a lot. "But I don't want to settle with his fingers anymore, Will; I want every single inch of him. I want to make love with Mike. I want him to take a little part of me to college and also, keep a little part of him here with me."

Will had already given up when Eleven gave away every single detail

so he just surrendered and decided to not tell her anything else because it was worst; still, he smiled.

"That's why you chose that dress?"

It may have been a question but also a statement and she felt quite proud of it, because if Will could notice then Mike will notice too.

"Yes."

"Hopper's gonna die when he sees you. He told you..."

"Nuh-uh, it doesn't break any rule." she interrupted, pointing a finger in the air as if her logic was all that matters.

At first it was usual for Eleven to take things literally since her social and linguistic abilities were limited, but nowadays after living among them like a normal kid, learning everyday and surrounded by a nerdy, intelligent, – and extremely witty – group of friends; Will thought that, maybe, their manners were kind of a bad influence on her. Sometimes El still took things literally... when it was convenient. *'Oops, sorry Hop',* thought Will, *'Our bad'.*

"Have you talked about it?" asked Will. "You and Mike I mean, have you guys talked about having sex after doing... all that stuff?"

Eleven nodded. "Yes, once. About two years ago, I think. We agreed we had to be ready like in our heads not just physically."

Will frowned again. "Wait wait, El, hold on." he asked and recapitulated something she said a couple of times already.

While she gave away every single detail about everything they've done and how they reached climax using alternative methods and adding the teasing she was planning to do with her sexy dress, Will noticed that Eleven never said she asked Mike to have sex. She just kept saying that he didn't realize she wanted to.

"What's wrong?" asked the girl while Will leaned over the wheel and caressed his chin, thinking about something.

"You said you talked about it once." he said and she agreed. He

continued. "But after that one chat you had and after doing all those things I begged you *not* to tell me about, have you actually *told* Mike you are ready for sex?"

El hesitated. "Well... No."

And just then Will Byers laughed his ass off.

Eleven looked at him stunned, thinking he was broken and wondering what was so funny but, when she was about to ask he stopped laughing and face-palm himself, still giggling.

"Jeez, El, don't you know Mike at all or what?" he asked trying not to laugh again. Now he understands *everything*. "Tell me and please pay attention, okay? Since Mike asked you to be his girlfriend and even when at first he was the one who leaned to kiss you, wasn't until you lean for the first time that you guys actually started kissing regularly?"

Eleven nodded.

"And tell me, El, in everything you guys have done, in every one of those moments when you guys started to move closer and closer to this moment, which one of you was the one who actually started all these things?"

The girl was frozen and Will watched her while she looked like she was solving some calculus problem.

Now that Will mentioned, even when Mike could hold her waist and press her against a wall and leave hickeys on her skin, even if he touches her exactly where she wanted to be touched and he knew what to do to turn her brain into jelly; even when Mike kisses her deeply everywhere, even when he caresses and hugs her in a way that makes her feel whole, Eleven noticed that, actually, it had always been her who started every new phase in their relationship.

Aside from being Mike the one who leaned to kiss her for the first time in the cafeteria and to give her her 'second first kiss' – as they liked to call it – on the Snowball when they started dating; Mike always needed very obvious signs from Eleven to lean and kiss her

until she realized she had to take control of that. It wasn't that he is slow, it wasn't that he doesn't want her because he is *always* eager to respond to whatever she wants to do and he always seemed to know exactly how to do it and how to kiss her and touch her in every new encounter.

Once she told Mike what she wanted she just had to relax and enjoy, because he always knew what to do to make her feel good. All she had to do was ask for it.

"Oh..."

And everything became clear.

Will smiled.

"El, if Mike had always needed you to literally ask when you want to try something new, don't you think that for something as important as losing your virginity, he wouldn't need like a big-ass sign with blinking lights?" he asked, trying not to laugh.

She smiled, biting her lip and looking at him a little embarrassed. "Uhm, I guess I thought he would notice after everything we've done."

"It's not like he hasn't noticed, El. Mike loves you more than anything in this world and he wants to protect you all the time. He lives for you, he wants you to be comfortable at all times and I think that, maybe, he is afraid you might feel pressured, you know? Maybe he worries about your cosiness a little too much that he hadn't realized you want to have sex, even though you guys had already helped each other out to have an orgasm."

Eleven leaned back on her seat and smiled, touching the hickey on her neck and Will turned on the car, driving again to his house where a nice breakfast was waiting along with a crazy day where he would notice how crazy girls could get when they want everything to look perfect.

"But Will." said Eleven all of a sudden. "Tonight we are *all* staying at Mike's after prom. How will we...?"

"Leave it to me, El." the boy interrupted, focusing on the road and

smiling. "I'm sure I'll figure something out with the guys. You relax and *please*, try to find a way to cover that hickey because if Hopper sees it he's totally gonna find out what's gonna happen after prom."

She smiled and sighed, leaning her head again on his shoulder while they arrived to the house. Joyce waved at them from the door.

"Thanks for listening, Will."

He leaned back on her, his cheek against her head. "You're welcome, sis."

oOoOoOoOoOo

Hi everyone! So, I want to apologize for updating the English version like four days after the Spanish version. I had a little accident and I'm writing with one hand – I still have two, one has a bandage –.

*Anyway, this chapter is being published today on International Friendship Day so this is for all of you. Also last Sunday it was two years since **Stranger Things** season 1 came to our lives and on Monday my dear **Starla Marie Locke** had a birthday too so happy birthday to both!*

*Thank you all for your support, for reading and for writing a comment. Please, remember to tell me what you thought because **reviews are super important!** I think we have three more chapters to go.*

I love you all! See you next chapter!

4. Chapter 4

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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Ch. IV

xx

May 13th, 1989.

Mike was glued to his window looking at the front yard, his father's car was parked while Ted placed a few suitcases on the truck and Holly kept dancing by the radio music, like she always does.

"Come on, come on." whispered Mike. He was soon going to be late and his parents were taking too long because in about fifteen minutes (tops) he should pick up Will and Eleven at his friend's house but first, he wanted – needed – to see his parents leaving, he wanted to make sure they got inside the freaking car.

Just a few seconds later, Karen closed the front door and looked above searching for Mike until she saw him. She made a gesture, indicating her son to open the window.

"Close everything before leaving, Mike and behave!" she said and waved, she knew the party would be crashing after prom.

Mike nodded, waving back.

"Bye, drive safe!" he said to his mother, smiling. Karen got into the car and the boy closed the window and leaned into it, sighing.

Thank God!

His mother was gone and he could finally go to a school dance without her insane need to take pictures of him like he was a celebrity or something. Mike hated pictures but not the photo itself,

he hated his mother acting like a crazy paparazzi because if there was something more embarrassing than Karen screaming – and crying – while holding a camera, that was all those things she said while she took those pictures. Things like *'Oh, you look so handsome!'*, or *'Oh my God Ted look how cute he looks!'*, or *'You should thank me because I made you this pretty.'* And the worst one *'Oh sweetie, you look so good I could put whipped cream on you and eat you!'*

Yeah, it definitely wasn't the picture what pissed Mike the most but her mother's insane and cannibalistic ways to express her love. She seemed to enjoy the fact that he was growing up *and* also to suffer because of it, since she cried her eyes out every time she put those pictures on the family album and begun comparing his pictures with the ones when he was a baby.

Mike couldn't even imagine how intense she would have get if she stayed to see him leaving for his own senior prom.

He sighed; there were more important things to do right now.

Mike turned to the mirror once more and put his white blazer on, making sure he looked good enough. He thought about putting some gel on his hair and slick it back but given that El loves to play with his curls, he wouldn't do anything she didn't want him to. She wants curls? He'll give her curls.

He smiled to his own reflection more pleased than he thought at first with the final result. Even if he never believed himself being particularly handsome or at least not the type of guys most girls wanted to be with, – he doesn't have a great tan, he is far from being a jog –, but at least he knows that, for one girl, he is the best looking boy; one girl, the *only one* for him and that was everything that mattered because he knows how blessed he is. Because even when he is Michael Wheeler, president of geeks around the world, the one and only girl he loves, loves him too exactly how he is even when the rest of the world think he is a dork. So what? He is *her* dork.

"Right, now my keys are downstairs. Here Eleven's corsage, wallet..." said Mike to himself, pacing around the room, gathering everything he needs like his girlfriend's corsage with the red roses and his wallet in which he put two condoms (in case one rips off). Actually he spent

the whole day thinking if he should take a condom or not but in the end if they didn't make love that night he wouldn't have to explain anything and, if they do then he would simply explain having the condom already saying that he loves her and wants to protect her too. In the end that's all true.

"Shit, I almost forgot!" he exclaimed, taking the bag with El's corsage and took the boutonniere he was supposed to wear and struggled with the pin, hurting his finger but managing to put it on his blazer. The red flower looking quite nicely against the white and black from his tuxedo. "Okay, Mike, relax because if you get this nervous *now*, then *how* are you going to survive when you ask El to *marry* you?" he told himself on the mirror. "Now go, pick up your girlfriend and enjoy your prom night the way you all deserve."

He went downstairs singing out loud with the freedom being alone in his house allowed and went to the kitchen to have some juice and then to the living room to get his keys when...

10 minutes later.

"Okay, one more, one more!" asked Karen kneeling on the floor, getting the perfect angle to take another picture of his seventeenth year old son.

Mike was dying from embarrassment, both his and his mother's.

"Mom, stop it, you already took like... I don't know how many!" the boy complained as another flash hit him and he knew his mother had caused him brain damage by now.

"Mommy, can you take me a picture with Mike?" asked Holly, hugging (climbing) her brother while chewing gum.

Mike put Holly down, afraid she might get him dirty with but she kept holding him, forgetting the fact that she wasn't three years old anymore, but nine. He checked his watch.

"Shit!" he yelled and another flash made him blink. "Jeez mom! I'm getting late!"

Karen shot again.

"You tried to escape from me, Michael. This is your punishment. Did you really think I would leave before I could see you go to your own prom? How little you know your mother."

"Yeah, who's smart now, Mickey-mouse?" mocked Holly, looking up at his brother and Mike frowned.

"I'm not a mouse."

But they were right, regardless if he likes to admit it or not.

He couldn't believe how he actually thought his mother, the memory-psycho, would leave for the weekend before having the chance to torture her son with a million pictures for the last school dance.

He really bought it. Karen had played her cards wonderfully, getting into the car after Mike closed his window then coming back and hiding until Mike went to the front door all dressed up and ready to go. She acted like a ninja, like a lion on the prowl and Mike will never forget the look his mother gave to him when she shot the first picture on him, grinning proudly.

"Give Holly a hug, son." asked Karen and Mike rolled his eyes.

"Mom, stop!"

"But you look so good!" she squealed, taking another picture.

"She's right, Mickey. Jane is going to faint when she sees you!" she said, looking at him with sparkly eyes.

Mike smiled at that. "Thanks, Holly-wood."

Damn child, she could be as chaotic as an earthquake but as sweet as honey itself.

"Oh my God, yes! What a beautiful picture!" Karen yelled, taking another one to her children smiling at each other. "One more but now with me!" she asked and went with her kids trying to take another that, when it's printed, it would be blurry with half of Holly's head and half of Mike's closing his eyes and his mouth open.

"Mom!"

"Mike..."

xx

"Ugh! Why out of all nights, tonight's weather is *this* wet?!" complained Eleven.

She had been quite relax the entire day after talking with Will about her plans for the night and what she was expecting to do with her boyfriend but, after lunch, everything that wasn't prom-related went completely unseen for both El and Joyce. They spent the rest of the day working on her looks, her make-up, her hair, her dress and trying to get her to look just perfect. After El took a shower, both she and Joyce paid full attention on the girl and Joyce, even when she loves being a mother of two wonderful boys, finally had the chance to experience what it felt to have a daughter too. Still, Eleven's hair didn't cooperate with them, it looked too puffy and they couldn't figure out if it was because of her nerves, her powers or the hairdryer so they chose to follow one of the looks from El's magazines, combing her hair to one side so her curls would fall next to her right cheek, making her look sexy and fresh, like Cindy Crawford on the cover of the magazine.

Maybe it was a little too much but Eleven didn't have any hair until she was thirteen so, now that she has hair she better show it, right?

The woman smiled, shaking a can of hairspray. "Honey, don't worry, I'll put some more of this and you'll be fine."

"But mom, I don't want it to be too stiff. Mike likes to play with it and run his fingers beneath my hair."

The girl had been so worry about her hair that she didn't noticed how she called her or the fact that Joyce stopped combing her hair to look at both of them on the mirror next to the bed.

She obviously said that in the heat of the moment, she wasn't even looking at her, still very busy hiding the hickey on her neck with make up but, to Joyce, it felt just as right as if she would have said it

any other time. El probably didn't know how much it meant to her to be called 'mom' especially after that afternoon when she told her about her plans for the night like she did with Will, asking for a woman's point of view and a condom, in case Mike doesn't have one. Joyce looked at her reflection on the mirror and her hair in her hands, reminiscing about that night in 1983 when that girl she didn't knew risked everything to save her son, no questions ask. A girl, whose life had been denied but now after all that drama, was finally living a normal life filled with friends, with a growing family, a caring boyfriend and preparing to go to her senior prom, like every girl of her age.

"You'll remember this evening for the rest of your life, honey." whispered Joyce, causing the girl to look up and meet her eyes through the mirror smiling at her, running her fingers on her hair like she wanted Mike to do if he wanted to.

"It's looks great, thank you." El smiled and, for a moment, they stood there smiling and looking at each other in silence... until they heard the door bell.

"Fuck, that's Mike and I'm not ready yet!" said Eleven, jumping from the bed.

Joyce finished her hair with a beautiful pin on a side and then she put her shoes on while Eleven finished her make up, putting her red lipstick on. She never wore dark colours before, just gloss or nude/soft pink shades but one of the magazines said that one can never be wrong with a red lipstick so, why not?

"Hey El, Mike is her..."

"GET OUT!" both women yelled at Will who, so innocently, tried to open the bedroom door.

Hopper went to the entrance to greet Mike when they noticed Will coming from the hallway in shock. They heard their yelling too.

"You okay, Will?" asked Hopper, smiling a bit.

He nodded. "Yeah, I'm just really happy I'm not a girl."

All three of them laughed at his joke and Mike said hi to his friend, giving Will a brief hug while Hopper got back to the couch.

"You look great, dude!"

The boy smiled, he was wearing a purple tux, white shirt, purple tie too. "Thanks, you too. I love the white and black style. I think El is going to pee as soon as she sees you."

Both teenagers laughed and joked around but, even when that was meant to be just an innocent joke, Hopper cleared his throat and they both knew it had nothing to do with his beer or the possibility that he had a cold.

"Better sit down, kids. I don't how much longer it's gonna take for El to get out but I'm guessing it won't be soon." said the Chief, making room in the couch for both of them.

They nodded and Will asked Mike to let him see the corsage while he talked to Hopper.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Chief. My mom got me busy with a thousand pictures." he explained and Hopper waved his hand as it didn't matter.

"Nah, don't worry kid, just listen to them. I actually think you came earlier." he said and Mike looked back at Will who nodded as well. They both looked like if they've been dealing with a very anxious, over-excited teen girl all day. They did. "Look Mike, if I had to put up with my daughter for weeks talking non-stop about dresses, make up, shoes, hair and why her hips looked 'like *that*', whatever *that* means..." he said, pointing at Mike with a can of beer and a huge smile. "Then kid, cheers on you because when you guys get marry and have a girl, it'll be your turn to put up with teenage crap too."

Okay, it was a joke and they all laughed but there was something behind Hopper's little prank, something Mike liked. It wasn't just the idea that he will marry Eleven one day, (well, that too); but whether if that was a joke or not, Mike couldn't help to feel like if Hopper was actually giving him green light for whenever he wants to marry his daughter.

Over the years, even if they had a good relationship, there was always this *thing* between them, like a mist, but what Hopper had just said was as good as getting his blessing. It made Mike feel like he was a part of the family already.

A couple of minutes later while Will and the Chief talked and Mike tried to stop thinking about what might happen later that night, ignoring the little voice inside his brain that kept reminding him he had two condoms on his wallet and trying not to start sweating too much; Joyce finally joined them looking all excited and immediately squealing when she saw the boys all dressed up. She took a picture of them, not even giving them the chance to smile or anything.

Mike would always wonder what kind of weird pact mothers around the world and the Kodak company have.

"Here she comes!" she sang all excited and ready to take a million pictures.

Hopper and the boys turned to the hallway but only Mike stood up, taking the box with the corsage from the bag, waiting for her like a groom would wait for his bride. While he waited for El to come out, he wondered about what she would wear given that, a few weeks ago, she complained about Hopper setting some ground rules about her dress saying she wasn't allowed to wear something short or something with cleavage on her chest, – basically he wanted his daughter covered up from neck to toes –; but when El told Mike she found a perfect dress for that night, he noticed something in her eyes. Like if she, somehow, could bend rules a little bit.

When the door finally opened and Eleven walked towards him, Mike saw that she in fact, followed *every* rule Hopper had given her. She was literally covered from neck to toes. It was really long, only showing her feet while she walked to him and it was tight to her body but not that much and it had no cleavage whatsoever. Her chest was completely covered up to her neck and yet her shoulders and her arms were completely bare. Still Mike thought she looked so beautiful he couldn't even take his eyes off of her. She looked so beautiful with that black dress that he thought she looked just like a movie star or a supermodel; her hair all big and gorgeous and – holly shit – those smoking hot red lips that erased every single thought in

his brain.

Mike felt a little too aware of where he was and he did his best to stop drooling in front of Hopper.

Eleven stopped only at a couple of steps from him and she fixed her eyes on Mike's chocolate ones, not even caring the people around them she smiled and winked at her boyfriend, while he kept looking at her like if she was the most precious thing on earth; Eleven gave him that wicked smile he knew so well by now and, slowly, turned around to reveal the mystery of her dress she had been hiding from everyone else.

Yeah, she kept Hopper's rules but she also find a blind spot she could use and, when she showed Mike the back of her dress he became aware of two things; one, his heart stopped beating and yet he remained *very* much alive, and two, the back of her dress did not exist.

Eleven turned around and just when he thought she had never looked so hot, she showed her boyfriend that not only were her arms and her shoulders bare but also her entire back all the way down until the beginning of her butt. She was half naked from her backside and Mike had to gather all of his strength not to pin her against the wall and start kissing, biting and licking the skin she so willingly showed to him.

When Mike forced himself to stop looking at her bump and he met her eyes earning a smile, a wink and a flying kiss, he couldn't take it anymore and covered his mouth with one hand to stop himself from gasping because she looked sexy as hell. Her mystery dress was deep-black like the night sky but also sparkly, probably decorated with a thousand crystals shining on the slightest moves, like her breathing and Eleven was breathing heavily hoping he would like it and don't think it's too much.

Ironically, Mike was barely breathing at all. She just looked so beautiful, so magical. To him she wasn't just wearing the sexiest dress ever made but also the night sky and its million stars, all at once.

"Do I look... pretty?" El softly asked.

None of them seemed to notice at that moment that there were three more people in the room. Joyce, who kept shooting pictures at them like a sweet little nutcase; Hopper, whose jaw had dropped to the floor when he saw his daughter almost naked in front of them and noticing that, again, he should've explained himself better and Will, looking at the Chief and covering his mouth with both hands and completely red, trying to stop himself from laughing at him.

Mike kept looking at Eleven, wandering his eyes on her again when she finally turned around facing him. That dress made justice to every curve in her body he loves so much, tightening in the right places and then falling loose from the hips down and, of course, the image of her open back and the curve at the end of it right before her butt, all branded in his brain.

He nodded frantically and remembered he was supposed to have air in his lungs if he wanted to live and, maybe, make love with her. Mike moved put his hand down and took a deep breath, looking at her in the eye.

He had to clear his throat before speaking, the desire was consuming him.

"You look beyond pretty, baby." he whispered and closed the space between them cupping her cheek and running his thumb on one of her dimples. He wanted to take her there and then but he couldn't, he just lowered his voice and smiled. "You look so beautiful, El. So breathtaking, sinfully beautiful it almost kills me."

Eleven gave him a wide smile and sighed in relief. Even if she felt good with her body and quite confidence about her looks, especially because Mike spent all those years telling her how beautiful she is; this time she felt particularly nervous. Maybe because they were about to go to their senior prom, maybe because of what she wanted to do later that night, maybe because her dress was a little too sexy but in the end, when she noticed the look in Mike's eyes – the same look he gave her when she was rubbing against his crotch and moaning with his fingers drawing miracles on her insides –; Eleven knew that she hit a million nerves. The desire Mike was holding back was bigger than anything she had seen before and that only made her want him even more. She wants to do it so bad; she just loves him so

much.

Mike gave her a big smile as well and showed Eleven the corsage he bought, both trying to force their way through their growing fire because they had people around them.

"I didn't know what you would wear so I bought red." he said, putting it on her wrist.

El smiled back too and touched the corner of her mouth, looking at him with such adoration he felt his legs giving up. "It matches my lipstick."

It was such an innocent comment but El saw Mike's eyes turning dark and deep, trying his best not to eat her right there. Everything was going according to her plans.

"I love it. I love *you*, El." Mike whispered and put his hand on her waist, shivering when he felt her naked skin and with the other hand he caressed her neckline, from side to side. He laughed a bit. "I guess you listened to Hopper."

Eleven laughed too, both hands touching his white blazer with a black lapel and the flower attached onto it, moving up to his white shirt, his black bow-tie and finally closing behind his neck. Mike looked so unbelievable handsome, his natural charm mixed with such an elegant tuxedo, so fresh and so formal at the same time giving him this 60's look, like a movie star.

"Well, my dad told me I wasn't allowed to buy something too short, nor anything that shows my chest. He never mentioned anything about the rest." whispered Eleven. She may as well change he name into 'Mischief' since it suits better than 'Jane'.

Mike leaned but didn't kiss her; he just spoke barely an inch from her lips. His sweet minty breath crawling its way through her brain.

"You look amazing, baby."

"You look amazing too, Mike." she spoke so softly, hugging him by the neck with ease. He is a lot taller than her but she was wearing high heels. "Tuxedos definitely agree with you. You look just like

James Bond."

He snickered. "Really?"

"Yup, just like James Bond but better, because I love you and also because you are *mine*." she answered, nodding with confidence and finally gave in and kissed him.

Both of them forgot about Hopper, Will and Joyce or they just didn't care they were looking at them and that little game of seduction and romance; they didn't care they watched while they snuggled a little, after all, Will was more than used to to see his friends making out everywhere. Hopper, on the other hand, opened his mouth to ask them to keep it down but Joyce hit his head playfully and told him to let them be. He mumbled something in reply but she didn't hear.

Kissing Eleven like that on those velvet soft lips while holding her and looking so freaking sexy, made both aware of the game they were playing and Mike felt like he was giving her another first kiss.

He of course didn't want to be too hopeful nor crown his victory already, he never wanted to pressure her or get dizzy under his own hormones, but Eleven's lips felt different too. Even if they were kissing quite innocently, just something a bit deeper than some pecks – because *some* part of them remained conscious they weren't alone in the room –, he felt her kisses different in the best way. Mike knows her so well, better than anyone in fact, better than she knows herself. It wasn't just the dress or that spark of fire in her eyes when she turned around showing him her open back, he simply *knew* in those sweet kisses that she wanted to play with the fire inside of them. She was teasing him and he was very happy with it.

Her lips, her cherry perfume, her soft skin against the tip of his fingers and the sound they made with their lips were just a small fraction of their game and the love they share. Mike looked into her eyes and Eleven got lost inside those dark, chocolate pools; she went trapped in the smile he gave her and his gorgeous jaw line. She knew for sure Mike was going to be hers that night and she was going to be his too. Their first and only ones.

"All yours, my dear." Mike whispered with a fake and poorly

performed British accent.

She laughed, after all they needed a bit of humour if they wanted to leave the passion on hold for a couple of hours and continue with their night. They could get back to their fire later.

xx

'*A Night To Remember*' that was the theme for their senior prom and it definitely suits the situation.

Mike would never forget Hopper's face when he and Eleven stopped with the kissing and let Joyce take a couple of pictures. El chose to go first, going next to her father and letting Joyce take a bunch of cute pictures with him, who apparently wasn't able to say anything because his daughter was (*nakednakednaked*) dressed like a woman instead of the baby she still is. After a classic photo shoot, featuring Will and Mike, Will and El, Mike and El, Joyce with boys and so on, they decided to move along.

While all three teenagers walked to Mike's car, the Chief found his voice again and held Mike by the shoulder, stopping both him and Eleven on the way, causing them to turn around and look at him, waiting for him to say something. Hopper stare at them, both *so* in love, *so* elegant, *so*... *grown up*. He sighed and let whatever he wanted to say die in his throat and chose to pat Mike on the back and let them lead the way and go to their prom without another word.

Mike didn't know how but he thought Hopper looked at him in a different way, like if he wanted to say something important, like if he wanted to ask something important. Like if he knew *something*.

A part of Mike believed that, when the Chief held him he noticed the hickey on Eleven's neck and for that, he was gonna kick the shit out of him but that didn't happened, thank God.

While Hopper was setting up the camera for a family photograph, Mike remembered he had given Eleven a huge-ass hickey when they got passionate on the alley behind the movie theatre the night before inside his car. It had been impossible for him not to do that, Eleven had been moving and rubbing against him so desperately that he had

to bite her because it was the only way he could stop himself from adding his moaning to hers. He loves to eat her neck, her shoulders and every piece of her skin like he did when they dry-humped in his car or, well, anywhere. It's the only way he has to control his hormones when she's moving like that but lately it had been taking a lot of self control from his part and he clearly remembered he used his teeth the night before. Nevertheless, when the Chief was setting up the camera and trying to find the way they could all be in the same picture, Mike leaned to Eleven looking for the hickey her dressed was unable to cover and yet, he didn't find any. El knew what her boyfriend was looking for so she mouthed him 'make up' and that was all he knew she had find the way to hide it from the world.

Ten points for his girlfriend.

When they arrived to the prom, the decoration enchanted them like clichés do with teenage movies. They all knew how it would look, they knew what decorations the prom committee had planned, still the beauty of the glitter around them, the combination of the whites, purples and silvers, the stars hanging from the ceiling and attached to the walls next to the curtains and under the lights shining upon them on the school gym and the big disco ball in the middle; made Will, Mike and Eleven feel like they entered the most beautiful dream.

A perfect night from its beginning, it had it all: friendship, elegance, beauty and love. A night itself filled with magic like a senior prom should be.

They run into Mr. Clarke who spent at least ten minutes with them telling his students how great they all looked and sharing a few jokes and memories with them. He also couldn't help but seeing, especially on Mike and Will, those smart and happy kids that won every science fair in elementary and middle school along with Lucas and Dustin, who still hadn't shown. He didn't say it then, but a few days later when he sees them at graduation, he would get really sentimental and tell those kids how proud he felt and how much he loves all of them but, for now, he let them be and enjoy their dance. They earned it.

A couple of minutes later, two of their friends stole some gasps and surprise their classmates like El herself did when everyone saw her

looking sexy as hell. This time, she, Will and Mike saw Lucas arriving looking really good on a classic black tuxedo, wearing a pink boutonniere and a huge smile caused, no doubt, by the girl holding his arm.

"Max, is that you!?" asked Will to the red-haired girl, she couldn't be the same girl they never saw wearing a skirt.

But she was; her eye-rolling gave her out.

"Yeah, it's me dressed like Olivia Newton-John." she said letting Lucas's arm go since Will took her hand and gave her a twirl. All of them were shocked at how girly she looked.

"You look so pretty!" El said and Mike agreed too. Max look at her and how hot she looked too.

"Hey, that's not fair! You are the sweet one from both of us but you came tonight looking smoking hot and I'm stuck with my mother's fantasy of making me look like the doll you put on top of a cake." Max complained.

She hated shopping, that's no secret but her mother had insisted she should wear a dress for her own prom because there was no way she would let he go wearing jeans again, but since Max hated shopping she let her mother decide for her, believing she would choose something according to her personality, but no. What did she buy? A soft pink satin dress with a heart cleavage and low shoulders with a long puffy skirt with pink and yellow tutu. Her hair was up and curly with braids and she was wearing make up. She wanted to die.

Lucas almost died himself when he saw her.

"Babe, you look amazing." he said, smiling so wide like when he picked her up. He was right, she actually looked beautiful only really, really uncomfortable.

"Damn, stalker, I warned you this is..." she said pointing at her outfit. "This shit isn't me so please stop saying crap like that!"

All four of them rolled their eyes and laughed at the same time Dustin joined them, yelling in surprise when he saw Max looking like

that.

"Shit, Max is that you!?" he said showing from behind her. His tux was black pants, a light-blue shirt with ruffles, a slightest darker shade of light-blue blazer and a pink bow tie. He looked out of the ordinary but he definitely looked like himself wearing a tux that was different and fresh. "You look great, Max!"

Eleven went to hug Dustin. "See? We all agree you look amazing!"

"Hey El, where's...?" he said looking at El's back since he touched her skin and not the dress. His mouth fell open. "Dude, where's the rest of you dress?"

"I'd say in Hopper's worst dreams." joked El and looked back at her boyfriend over her shoulder. "And Mike's fantasies."

They all laughed at that.

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Hi everyone!

*First of all, I want to apologize for this delay. You all know I injured my arm and it's been very difficult to write with one hand – remember I write it twice because there's the spanish version too – and because this chapter ended up being **so long** I had to split it in two. Next part is coming tomorrow night. So as you can see it took me longer than the others but at least you'll get **two chapters** in one weekend. Still, **I'm very very sorry**, it's not easy using one hand and hurting because I can't take painkillers because of the baby.*

*Anyway I hope you enjoyed this chapter and please, **please leave a comment** because I need to know what you thought about Eleven's dress and Mike's reaction to it.*

Until... tomorrow!

5. Chapter 5

*[A/N: I'm feeling a bit let down with people who **hasn't left reviews** in all these chapters. I **only** continue because of the same (**wonderful**) people who does comment every chapter and has been following my stories since always (my best wishes and love for you guys); but I'm really close to just send the next chapter privately to those people because there are like 30 followers and the majority says nothing. I'm writing it with a broken arm and two weeks away from giving birth. I do it because I **love** writing and Mileven, but I'm feeling really let down by the people who reads and says nothing, it feels like my work and every author's work is taken for granted.*

*I apologize to my faithful public for this outburst, please, enjoy the chapter. It's a lot – **a lot** – happier than the author's note. Promise.]*

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Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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Ch. V

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At first the party just sat and kept talking to each other around their table. Dustin and Lucas wondered if someone might have put alcohol on the punch but after they went to bring beverages for all six of them and something to eat, they were disappointed at finding it was only cranberry juice.

Still they were enjoying their prom, the beauty from all around them, the gym looked so nice and everyone seemed to put a lot of energy on their looks, especially girls, looking beautiful in their own ways

but, for Dustin, there's was one who looked better than everyone else.

Stacy.

She was barely a few tables away from them looking incredible next to Jennifer and Tammy, the girl that asked Will to dance once.

Stacy looked exactly like Dustin imagined: stunning. Her hair was all big like her friends but she looked particularly sexy with that tight golden dress with big puffy sleeves, like a pop star. He could feel his brain becoming jelly just by looking at her; he could literally hear his brain cells colliding into one another taking away every thought in his head because she looked so perfect it was even hard for him to breathe. He knew she wasn't probably the nicest girl but still he had made up his mind, he was going to ask her to dance one last time. One last time and even if she said no, at least he wouldn't spent the rest of his life wondering what would have happened.

By the moment the DJ played Air Supply's song '*All out of love*', Max stood up and held Lucas by his arm.

"Come here, stalker, time to continue with this shit and dance until my feet hurt so much I can stop complaining about looking like some Pepto-Bismol advertiser." she said pulling Lucas with her. He simply followed his girlfriend, smiling and as in love as ever.

"You're coming, guys?" asked Lucas to his friends.

Mike looked at Eleven, both sitting next to each other, her head on his shoulder and his arm around her. He turned to her, caressing her arm with his thumb, whispering.

"Wanna see if I can finally stop dancing on your feet, baby?" asked Mike and she simply nodded and smile to him. He could be so silly but so sweet.

She left a red kiss on his jaw as and answer and stood up, taking his hand.

Dustin also stood up and checked on his outfit and sighed, gathering some courage.

"Wish me luck, guys." he said to friends and walked to where Stacy was.

They all looked at each other knowing exactly what was going to happen. Mike wouldn't say he was surprised but he couldn't believe Dustin hadn't pay attention to all the things they said. Stacy simply wasn't good enough for him and she never was, nor will she ever be.

"I'll stay close." said Will to the party, going after Dustin and making sure he remains close in the very likely event that his friend gets turned down again and need someone to cheer him up. The rest of the party nodded and stayed there, looking at them.

Both Mike and El had a very similar thought. She knew that girl was going to reject Dustin again, so maybe she could tell Mike to let Dustin have that dance with her when he comes back feeling blue; and Mike wondered if El would accept dancing with Dustin first while he just stays on the table, knowing his friend would probably need someone to cheer him up too.

When Dustin was about to poke Stacy on the back, that girl Tammy looked at him and Jennifer also noticed him, smiling wide which caused Stacy herself to turn around to find Dustin. He froze up even when he had prepared his line the night before, even when he knew he was going to have a rough time talking to her looking sexy as fuck. He couldn't find his voice; all he could do was smile.

Will was barely a few feet away with his hands in his pockets, looking at them pretending he wasn't near enough to hear them, but he did.

"Come on Dusty, you can do this, just ask her to dance. Come on!" he ordered himself. He nodded, gave her a big smile and prepared to talk except that, this time, she talked first.

"Oh my God, you *again*?" she complained and Will, her friends and even the party heard. She hadn't always been the sweetest girl but in that moment her tone was as bitter and ugly as they've never heard before.

Dustin's smile fell off and remained rigid and silent.

"Look, honey, I know that in the last four years we've talked a couple of times even if it was only to borrow your homework and some other school stuff and that made you believe you had a chance." she started, pushing her hair back. Her smile so fake but this time there was something more behind it. That tone, that ugly tone in which she spoke to him and looked at him was like she was mocking him. "In all these years that you asked me to dance over and over, I've always said no, didn't I? So, what made you think that *I*, the head cheerleader and your next prom queen will accept dancing with a nerd like *you*? Ha! Don't think so."

When Stacy was finished, she pointed her nose up and waved her hair looking disgustingly satisfied with all those horrible things she said, like if she'd been holding up many years to say that. The coldness in her eyes, the way she was looking at him felt almost like if she hated him, even when he had always been the sweetest thing and yet, Dustin remained silent. Will and the party a few feet away couldn't believe it and at the same time knew that would happen eventually.

Now that Stacy no longer needed Dustin, now that she didn't need to ask him for his notes or to help her out with math, now she could be as mean as she wanted to be. Stacy had finally shown her true colours, she finally exposed herself for what she really is, the one who spoke trash behind Dustin's back like Eleven herself once heard in the bathroom, but the party agreed to never repeat what she heard because that would only hurt his feelings.

Both Jennifer and Tammy were also speechless, they knew their friend was a handful but they never really saw her being *that* kind of a bitch. Mike sighed, feeling sad because he knew she had just ruined Dustin's night. Max and El wanted to go up there and rip her head off, Lucas was also pissed but he stayed there, keeping his girlfriend from killing the other girl and Will felt his heart broken for his dear friend.

And it was even worst when Stacy spoke again.

"Do me one last favour, Dustin, would you? Turn around, find some pathetic girl and dance with her. You know I'm actually giving you a good advice because girls like me, Dustin honey, never date dorks

like you."

That was probably the most horrible thing she had ever said and, even when she's always been kind of mean around her friends, neither Jennifer nor Tammy had seen her acting that way. Jennifer was looking at her like if she didn't know her at all, also seeing her true colours for the first time and those colours were rotten and revolting, she felt like throwing up.

Dustin saw that too.

Everything she said made sense, *everything* his friends always said to him made sense too because now he could see they've been right all along. The mask he himself had put on Stacy's beautiful face had now fallen and he discovered the beautiful face of a liar that simply didn't match with him. Mike was right, the entire party was right, Stacy was right. Girls like her never date boys like him because she would never be good enough for him. He can see now that all those things he kept repeating on the mirror when he wanted to find the courage to ask her to be his date or dance with him, things like how smart he is or how worthy he is, were actually something to be proud of as it is. He shouldn't try to impress someone like Stacy because he doesn't need to impress anyone. He is a good guy, a smart guy and he would definitely not take crap from anyone, least of all Stacy, a girl that not only lies and fakes but also takes pleasure on mocking someone who she knows has a crush on her.

But he wouldn't cry this time. He wouldn't spend his senior prom sitting and sad while everybody enjoy the dance. It was his senior prom and also the beginning of the rest of his life and he would damn enjoy that night because he deserved it with his friends, great music and...

It was like a thunderbolt of lighting but suddenly Dustin realized there was one thing he would regret not seeing before – aside from Stacy true self– and that was a pair of blue eyes looking at him with so much love and sadness, like if she was apologizing with him. Those eyes were true and warm and Dustin found out that he had been asking the wrong cheerleader to dance all along. His true dance-partner wasn't Stacy in her golden dress, no; his true partner was a blonde sweet girl in a turquoise gown.

The corners of Dustin's mouth lifted into a crooked smile taking Jennifer, Tammy, Stacy herself and his friends by surprise. They all thought he was going to crash but instead he gave Stacy his best grin and showed her why he is The Bard.

"Actually Stacy, even when it's always a pleasure talking with you I'm afraid you have wasted your pretty voice in vain because, this year, I wasn't coming for you." he lied but she deserved it. She looked at him with narrowed eyes, not knowing where he was getting at. He continued. "Just like you said, Stacy darling, you've been rejecting me for so long already that I was wondering if you could just step aside..." he said, gesturing her to move and make room for someone else and he offered his hand to one of the girls behind her.

Mike, Eleven, Lucas, Max, Will, Tammy, Jennifer and Stacy herself could *not* believe it.

"Jenn, shall we?" Dustin asked with a smile.

The blonde girl smiled back at him, a huge beautiful real smile. "Sure!" she practically yelled and took Dustin's hand, walking right next to Stacy whose jaw dropped to the floor.

"Jenn what are you doing!?" asked Stacy alarmed, holding Jennifer by the left arm. "He is a freaking nerd, what are you doing?"

"And you are a freaking idiot." shot Jennifer back, putting Dustin's arm around her waist and leading him to the dance floor.

"She is right, Stacy." said the other girl, passing through. "It was time someone calls you for what you are."

"Oh so what? You are going to dance with the nerd and the traitor now like a third wheel?" argued Stacy on a desperate attempt to keep one of those girls at least.

Tammy looked around feeling a little self conscious on the fact that she was technically right but then someone came to the rescue.

"No." said Will, holding Tammy's hand. "She is going to dance with Zombie Boy tonight."

The party smiled, Dustin and Jennifer smiled, Tammy smiled too and left Stacy without another word and she and Will used that time to catch up. He wasn't interested in her in a romantic way and somehow she knew that but still they spent a great night as friends with the rest of the happy couples.

Stacy won as prom queen that night, but lost everything else.

xx

A magical night in all its glory, filled with laughter, anecdotes, memories shared like when they stepped school for the first time, feeling nervous but whole, dancing together as a group and as couples. They didn't mind if people used to call them nerds or whatever they called them, they all knew what they are anyway: they are all friends and happy. That night set the end of the best years of their lives, dressed up in beautiful gowns, elegant tuxedos and the promise that the best part was yet to come.

A couple of minutes past midnight, the party left school laughing like they've been doing all night – and a little bit more since the punch *did* had a little alcohol after all –. Mike, Dustin and Lucas were chasing each other, running around Will who had Max and El by their waists while the six of them walked to the end of the parking lot.

"Look at you, Byers. Did you ever think you'll leave a party with two hot girls?" said Max playfully and the three of them laughed.

"Well, I guess I'm simply bound to be surrounded by beautiful people." joked Will too.

"Hey guys, what shall we do now?" asked Lucas, coming back next to his girlfriend followed by Dustin and Mike, the three of them panting a little.

Mike loosened his bowtie and unbuttoned the neck of his shirt, looking both elegant and sexy and El had to gather all of her strength not to faint right there and then. She just reached for him with the hand she wasn't holding Will and they hugged.

"Mmm, you are warm." whispered El and Mike giggled.

"Are you cold, baby?" he asked but took off his blazer before she could answer and put it on her shoulders. "I'm not surprised, you look hotter than hell but that doesn't mean you can't get a cold even if it's May."

"It did actually got Hopper cold." joked Will while they walked next to both Mike and Lucas's car and Dustin's Vespa.

They laughed at that. Poor Hopper.

"Hey losers, let's go to Wheeler's already. Lucas and I bought a champagne bottle to share with you and I'm not having us drinking from the bottle in the parking lot like a moron. Let's go." said Max, holding Lucas's arm. She also had his blazer on her shoulders.

In that moment Will felt Eleven looking at him and he knew what was on her mind. He just smiled and winked at her because, even if they all decided to share a glass of champagne at Mike's house like Max said, she still had nothing to worry about. He made sure of it.

While Eleven spent the afternoon painting her nails, worrying about her hair and obsessing over her looks, he went to his room and called Lucas and Dustin over the supercomm, telling them they should find a way to *not* spend the night at the Wheeler's like they agreed because Mike and Eleven needed the house by themselves, at least for a few hours. They all agreed and celebrated since everybody knew they haven't had sex yet and mainly because they thought that if the happy couple finally gets intimate then they wouldn't have to handle their urges by making out in front of them.

Dustin told Will they could go to his house and watch a movie or something and then go back to Mike's house at dawn to sleep and have breakfast together and Lucas told them he had actually made plans with Max since she wanted to follow every tradition and go the quarry, park the car near and have prom sex. Both Will and Dustin made fun of him and he swore it had been Max's idea; they didn't believe him even though it was the truth.

"It's all settled, don't worry." said Will really softly on her ear while

Mike kept chatting with Dustin.

El just smiled, she had definitely made a good choice when she opened up with Will that morning.

"Hey guys, wanna take another picture?" Will asked.

"Another?" asked Lucas, playing with his car keys.

During the entire prom, Will used Jonathan's old camera and took pictures of all of them while they danced and had fun. He was sure that once they were all printed, those would be the best pictures he ever took because that was a night of life, laughter and freedom.

"I think we have like two more pictures to go. Let's take a group picture now and then back at Mike's." said the boy, setting the camera on top of his friend's car and calling for them. "Take your places, hurry!"

Just like they were, Lucas on the left end, Max beside him wearing his blazer and holding his hand, Will went back in the middle of the girls and held Eleven next to him, Mike had his arm around his girlfriend's shoulders and Dustin on the right end. Six teenagers that had stick together for better and for worst. Six teenagers who trusted each other everything they are and felt, six teenagers that would always help each other, no questions ask. A family of six and that was probably the best picture they ever took.

"Perfect!"

"Okay guys, see you at Mike's!" said Dustin, sitting on his Vespa and putting his helmet on until a girl called for him from the other side of the parking lot.

"Dustin wait!" yelled Jennifer Hayes, running fast towards him or at least as far as her dress and high heels allowed her.

Even if they danced together a lot that night, they didn't spend the entire prom together. Aside from Stacy, – who wasn't her friend anymore – both Tammy and Jennifer had other groups of friends and she spent the night switching from her crowd and Dustin equally, still she wanted a little bit more from him.

Dustin looked at his friends not knowing what to do and watched them indicating him to go and meet the girl.

"Move your ass, Henderson!" ordered Max and shoved him away from his motorcycle, smiling.

Dustin met Jennifer in the middle of the parking lot, Tammy was at the gym's entrance along with some other girls and a bunch of guys he knew as the nice jocks, (the ones that never talked to him but at least never bullied him); Jennifer placed a hand on his shoulder, panting and smiling.

"Sorry, I thought you were gone." she said, fighting with a lock of hair that kept getting on her mouth because of the breeze.

"I was about to, actually. We are going to Mike's house." he told her. He didn't mentioned it was only for a few moments since that would lead into questions and it wasn't anybody's business what Mike and El would do after they leave them alone.

"I should have guessed." said Jennifer and turned to look at her friend, moving her hands and cheering her up to say or do something. She turned to Dustin again.

"You girls have plans, right?" asked Dustin out of politeness, he really liked Jennifer, she was really nice, still he didn't know her all that well but he wanted to know her. He just regretted he didn't notice her before. She really was beautiful.

Jennifer nodded. "Yeah, in fact Tammy is having a party at her house and we are all going and she told me that if you guys want to come, you are more than welcome."

Dustin smiled again.

"Okay, I mean I think some of the guys had plans already but later on Will and I may stop by. Thanks for inviting us." he said, actually it did sound good since he had to stay watching movies with Will, maybe crashing a party with him was a good idea since that girl Tammy was also a sweet girl.

"Okay, great!" she said, more happily than he thought she would and

then she bit her lip, looking at him in the eye. "But, uhm, in case you don't go let me just..."

The party from the other side of the parking lot witnessed as Dustin talked to Jennifer Hayes who they all recently found out likes their friend. Lucas said that she was probably inviting him to a party since he over heard one of the jocks at the gym entrance talking about it a couple of days before.

They weren't surprised she was inviting him; none of them could believe that they never noticed she likes him and that she had developed a crush on him for so long but, now that they know, everything Jennifer did was so obvious. The way she looked at him, the way she danced with him, that huge smile while talking to him, all of that were the typical signs of a teenage in love. And yet they never imagined they would see what happened next.

While Dustin spoke and Jennifer smiled at him, she jumped and celebrated about something he said apparently and then after she said something else they couldn't hear, the party saw how Jennifer simply held him by the shoulders and kissed him on the lips.

Tammy was smiling and clapping because she knew from the beginning how much – and how long – Jennifer likes Dustin, but the party was actually in shock, jaws dropping and eyes wide opened when with no further steps Jennifer Hayes – cheerleader, member of the Social Activities committee and one of the most popular girls on school – threw herself and kissed Dustin Henderson – treasurer of Hawkins High A.V. Club, member of the Yearbook Club and vice-president of Debate and Chess Club – on the lips. Oil and water, those two never blend and least of all such different people, each one at opposites sides of the school hierarchy; the prettiest girl since kinder garden and the boy who grew his teeth at thirteen. Still when Dustin forced himself out of his shock he decided to stop pointing the differences between them and simply held Jennifer by the waist as delicately as he could and kissed her back.

And explosion of whistles, clapping and cheering came to them when five teenagers next to a Vespa and two cars started to celebrate and shout their happiness for their friend.

"Dusty Dusty!" El sang while jumping and Mike beside her whistled loudly and clapped his hands, smiling widely.

"My boy, that's my boy!" yelled Lucas and Max and she took her boyfriend's blazer whirling it on the air as they kept cheering for him. Will used the last picture remaining on the film and took a picture of Dustin and Jennifer kissing for the first time. He too began clapping, all of them so happy he finally found someone who really deserved him.

Even her friends started celebrating, all of them cheering as loudly as the party and probably louder.

Was it meant to be? When they walked to each other and met in the middle of the parking lot half way from each of their crowds, was a metaphor of what it all meant? Because maybe hierarchies exist when one *allows* them to. Because maybe Dustin needed having his heart stoned by Stacy to realize that popularity doesn't always mean acting like a bitch and beauty can hide something horrible and, in Jennifer's case, highlight a beautiful heart as well. She is a gorgeous girl and while she closed her arms around his neck tighter and kissed him deeply, Dustin remembered that when Will 'died' she was the only one of the popular crowd who really cared. Her real beauty was there all along but he had been too young to realize it. She was beautiful beyond what the mirror showed and even her being friends with Stacy before was an act of kindness since people didn't really liked her. Maybe the group of people someone's befriends doesn't dictates what one is in real life and in private.

That was true after all. His friend had been pointed out as weaks and dorks and yet he knew they all faced horrors and monsters in real life; and her friends, the popular athletes and jocks were too celebrating she finally got to kiss the nerdy boy she loved.

Friendship is all about supporting each other after all.

"Jenn, let Henderson breathe, you're gonna kill him!" yelled one of her friends and everyone laughed including them, breaking the kiss.

She turned around to ask her friends to give them some privacy and Dustin did the same. None moved an inch and they just sighed and

smiled. What harm can a little exposition do?

Dustin cupped Jennifer's cheek and played with the lock of hair behind her ear. He lost himself in her smile and her glowing skin, the genuineness in her eyes and the softness of her lips... and the bitterness that suddenly wrapped him.

"What's wrong?" asked Jennifer when she saw his smile fading. She held him tighter; she wouldn't let him go now, not after waiting so long.

Dustin shook his head. "Nothing just... I can't believe I didn't see you before."

She knew exactly what he was talking about and, to be honest, it didn't matter to her. She simply shrugged and gave him a smile that Dustin went sure he'd soon love.

"You see me now." Jennifer said and it was all he needed to smile again. She was right, he finally does and now, he wouldn't stop.

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When Dustin stopped snuggling with Jennifer Hayes and after Stacy herself left the gym and saw them making out, he promised he'll go to Tammy's party but first he wanted to keep the promise he made to his friends, so they kissed goodbye and he was received by the party with endless cheering and congratulations. Finally the six of them went to Mike's house to rest a little while they heated some pizza Karen prepared for them earlier and Max put the bottle of champagne in the freezer to cool it down.

They didn't stay too long after eating, around two a.m. after the toasts and some jokes on Max because the champagne was pink and they kept saying she wore that dress as advertising, it was time for the party to move to their own celebrations and leave the happy couple alone for their own private party.

"Okay, losers, I'm sorry but we have plans." said Max standing up from the couch and Lucas's lap. "Come on, stalker, I don't wanna get there and find our spot occupied."

"Come on then." he said standing up and smiling from ear to ear, knowing he was going to feel really happy in a couple of minutes.

Mike looked at them, confused. "Where are you guys going?"

They all looked at each other and snickered. Sometimes they couldn't believe that Mike, being as smart as he is, can be so oblivious. El herself had to bite her lip; she was cuddling with him on his father's La-Z-Boy.

Max rolled her eyes. "I'm gonna read a book on top of Lucas, Wheeler. What to think? Sex, it's tradition. Now, if you excuse me..." Max said and mime as if she was taking off a hat and Mike got so red they were afraid he was going to pass out. Eleven hugged him, holding back a snicker.

"You should go too." said Lucas to Dustin, who seemed very entertained with the TV.

"Where?"

"My God, it's contagious..." huffed Max and pushed him from his seat. "Your girlfriend is waiting for you at the party, *Duhstin*. Come on, shoo."

He understood and took his keys from the table. "Right! And she's not my girlfriend... yet."

The party cheered again.

"You coming, Will?" asked Dustin, knowing he would. They were all acting.

He nodded too, picking his blazer too.

"You all go?" asked El, playing her part as well.

"Oh don't worry, we'll be back tomorrow for breakfast. See you in a couple of hours. Have fun." waved Max at them and took Lucas's hand.

Dustin followed behind and Will was the last one. El stood up to hug

her future brother because it was all thanks to him they had the house alone and closed the door.

When she turned around, she looked back at Mike who was still sitting on his dad's chair, looking at her with true adoration and the hint of a smile in the corners of his mouth.

"What is it?" asked El.

He just shook his head and stood up from the chair, Eleven felt like if her stomach and heart were now together pulling each other up and down.

"Nothing, just... You are so beautiful." he whispered, taking her face in between his hands delicately and looking at her straight in the eye, his smile on his perfect lips melted her heart. "I love you, you know?"

El took a deep breath and tried to calm down, the game had started and she was determined to reach every base. She placed her hands around his neck, thanking every star in the universe for Michael Wheeler and his whole existence.

"I love you, Mike." she said so softly, her voice wanted to betray her. There were so many emotions and she got lost inside his eyes, she needed a compass to get out. But she had to play along and just when Mike was leaning to kiss her she continued with her plans. "Honey, I forgot my bag over at Will's and my toothbrush was there."

Mike blinked, confused, but then he simply smiled pressing his forehead against hers.

"Your spare toothbrush is on the basement bathroom." he whispered and kissed her nose.

In Mike's head that meant he had misunderstood every sign he saw or maybe that she was probably too tired now, but he didn't feel bad. He would wait another night and a million nights if she'd ask him to, nevertheless Eleven did want to do it; she was simply playing with him.

"I'll go brush my teeth upstairs and bring you something to wear, okay baby? I'll be right back." said Mike and she nodded, also going

to the bathroom in the basement to brush her teeth and freshen up.

When Mike got back to the living room with an old shirt he had she used to wear when they sleep together in sleepovers, he didn't find her there.

"El, where are you?"

"I'm here, Mike." she answered and Mike left the shirt behind, he thought that if they were to sleep then they would go to his bedroom.

When Mike went to the basement he heard the radio they kept there playing some old songs and found Eleven sitting on the first place that belonged to her. There, wearing the sexiest dress ever made and looking more beautiful than ever, Mike found his girlfriend inside the pillow fort he built on a stormy night on November in 1983. It was a little bigger now, being that they were both taller and she asked him to make it bigger since they like to take naps in there on Fridays before their Ice Cream dates. Nevertheless she was there, sitting comfortably, playing with the pillows and the sheets that once were her first home.

Eleven smiled at him, reaching for him with her tattooed arm and he kneeled, looking at the number on her skin.

"Is that real?" he asked, touching the tattoo delicately.

El frowned, confused, but understood what he was doing. Instead of moving away from his touch like she did that one time, she let him touch it and nodded.

"What does it mean eleven?" asked Mike and, even when it may be weird and awkward to recreate their first real 'conversation', Eleven understood he was simply playing silly.

She smiled at him and poked her chest, looking at him.

"Is that your name?" Mike asked like he did all those years ago.

She nodded again and smiled, showing her cute dimples on her cheeks and loving the way he remembered everything so well.

Mike nodded too. "Eleven, okay. Well, my name is Mike, short for Michael. Maybe we can call you El, short for Eleven. Is that okay?"

Her smile grew wider, leaning closer to him and holding his hand between hers. She was about to nod like she did back then but, this time, she answered back.

"I like El, but I also like 'baby'." she said and Mike looked at her until they both laughed.

"I'm sorry, baby. It just came out." he said softly, still laughing a bit and helped her standing up.

They both remained there in the middle of the basement, the soft light coming from the fort as the only thing illuminating them. Mike held her against his body, closing his arms around her waist and she hid her face on his chest, breathing him in and hugged him back, her hands holding him by his shoulders.

"Do you remember the first song we ever danced?" asked Mike in a whisper, barely moving as if they were dancing.

How could she not remember? *'Every Breath You Take'* by The Police. The night she became his girlfriend, the night that made real what they've been feeling about each other even if they were torn apart for almost a year. She nodded.

Mike sighed with a smile. "I would never forget that night. Looking at you on your first school dance, keeping your promise even though you didn't have to." he whispered, his cheek resting on top of her head, breathing her cherry shampoo. "You've been denied so many things for so many years, El, and yet you kept your word. You came back for us, risking your life. You could have done whatever you wanted and yet, you choose to stay here with me, with all of us. Sometimes I think we don't appreciate what we've been given, people in general I mean."

Mike spoke while travelling back in time to the day she came into his life and the night she came back, looking at the fort under a table on his carpeted floor and now, sharing a life together, sharing so many experiences and so many memories like their prom night.

Eleven hugged him tighter, in her mind Mike's voice was the sound of heaven itself and also the song from their second first kiss. She lifted her head and looked back at him, not moving away an inch more than necessary. She smiled at him with such adoration it made his heart skip four thousand beats.

"I know how lucky I am, Mike." she smiled. "That fort made with pillows, you just as you are, if what happened isn't a miracle then I don't know what else it could be."

Mike looked at her like if he was seeing her for the first time again, feeling so rocked by her words that he felt his tears of joy crawling on his throat; but he didn't cry. His emotions were shown with a wonderful smile and watery eyes, reflecting the immeasurable happiness she had brought into his life and also thanking every deity for Eleven because she could've been anything she wanted to be in the world, and yet she chose to be his. He couldn't help himself anymore, just leaned to his girlfriend and their lips met halfway from 1983 and eternity.

Eleven kissed him back, moving her hands around his neck, melting with his warm lips against hers. There would never be anybody else for her. She only has one heart and she gave it to Mike forever.

Suddenly El thought about what he said about her and the possibilities her powers gave to be whatever she wanted to be and that made her reminisce about the beginning of her life, the tattoo in her arm that nowadays it's just a blurry mark but, not so long ago it was so much more than that.

She was a number, just that. The specimen labelled as 011 for selfish purposes. A number they all used and analyzed, poked at, took notes from and experiment with. Endless years of constant abuse, she couldn't even explain half of it. A life with its access denied, a person that wasn't a person, just an experiment without words and different in every way... Until she met him.

Him, Mike, the one who turned a number into a human being, a tattoo into a name, the boy that rescued her. He is the embodiment of what a miracle is.

Mike came into her life and just like that, just as different as she was he loved her and never tried to change her. Because it was true, she never changed, she just grew and he was there supporting that development and helping her while she blossomed into a girl; he was there while she knew herself and discovered the world that had been denied for so long. And yet after all of that, while Eleven kissed her boyfriend and felt such devotion on every kiss, she thought about how Mike always says he is the lucky one of them because she was with him when, in fact, she had always been the luckiest one.

Because with all of her differences he chose her. His love, his never-ending kindness that came from every inch of his soul made him the most wonderful young man in the whole world. He was like the star that guides the missing explorer until he finds his way home; Mike acted like a star, shining for her and showing her that there was a way out from a life of shadows. He was a galaxy with constellations and, that night, his brilliance was a thousand times stronger.

Their kisses turned deeper when Mike's tongue caressed her lips asking for entrance and she happily allowed him in, deepening their encounter and holding the other tighter, devouring each other. There was no velvet softer than their lips, no candy was as sweet, no summer had that kind of heat and nothing felt as good as the tingle their lips made while their tongues rubbed.

There was no fire as strong as the one climbing from their insides to their limbs and onto the other.

When they needed to catch their breath, the sound their lips made sure was inspiring and sexy and they had to gather some courage to look at each other in the eye because they felt each radiance so strongly that both Mike and El thought that if they looked at each other right then, its beauty would take every single breath left.

The music on the radio matching their breathing, their lips separated by an inch or less, their foreheads together and their eyes closed. They were alone in the house, their arms around the person they love the most after dancing at their senior prom. Everything was served on a silver platter, everything was perfect.

Mike and Eleven *are* perfect.

"I never dreamed someone like you could love someone like me." Mike whispered all of a sudden, his soft breath caressing her lips and she opened her eyes to find those chocolate ones that meant the world to Eleven.

There he was again, thinking he should thank her for being with him when, in fact, it was the other way around.

"I love you so much, Mike. I can't stop looking at you, I can't let you go." El whispered. "If adoring you is too much for me then by loving you is how I could rest in peace."

He smiled again and she smiled too. Kiss after kiss was shared while they slowly danced in a warm, pleasant basement where she found her first home, both completely wrapped by the red thread of fate they once talked about.

"I love you, El." whispered Mike again on her ear, he was hugging her so tight her feet were barely touching the ground. "Was tonight everything you were dreaming of?"

That was *it*, the moment she had been waiting for. Her heart and hear stomach pulling from each other when Mike asked her that and she knew there was no better opportunity.

"No." she whispered and he looked at her confused, yet she was smiling.

Mike smiled too. "Is it something else you wanna do?"

She nodded.

His question was so sincere, always ready to bring the moon for her if she asked him to. There's no way she could ever stop loving him, not in one life, not in a million.

"What else would you like to do, El?" he asked and Eleven licked her lips before giving him a soft innocent kiss on the lips and then started kissing his jaw line until she found his ear.

One word whispered so softly.

"You."

oOoOoOoOoOo

Ahhh! I think you all know what chapter follows this one. Yeah, the chapter.

*Thank you all those who keep reading and especially to all the amazing people who **always** leave a comment, you guys keep me writing.*

Please, let me know what you thought, I'm really nervous.

UPDATE: Check my bio/profile, I left a message there. Don't worry, everything is fine.

6. Chapter 6

WARNING: This chapter has adult content. Read under your own responsibility. **This chapter is M Rated.**

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

oOoOoOoOo

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Ch. VI

xx

Mike's brain shut down for a long second while he played in his head what Eleven had just said.

Maybe a few seconds ago, maybe one maybe a whole eternity behind his lips were onto Eleven's, their tongues were touching and caressing each other and they had been sharing a perfect kiss after a trip around memory town when they travelled back into the night when everything begun and now, barely conscious of his girlfriend in his arms, of the warmth of her body against his, her breathing so calm next to his right ear and feeling even before he could see her smile against his cheek; Mike slowly begun to understand what she just told him. No fuss, no games.

The weight of what she whispered in his ear now falling onto him as an epiphany when he started to become aware that the love of his life had just told him she was ready to have sex.

They could have started making out uncontrollably in the middle of the basement and rushed back on the couch behind them where their clothes would simply come off or walk back upstairs to his bedroom but, to his surprise, she had decided that before passion took over them she wanted to take him out of guard. She wasn't looking for what they've been sharing since last year, that was something Mike saw crystal clear when he looked into her eyes and saw that playful and perfect smile; Eleven didn't want another dry humping session

that, as satisfactory as it could be, always left both of them craving for more. This time it wasn't just rubbing with their clothes on, this time it wasn't his fingers under her panties what she was looking for. This time it wasn't a little friction or fire burning under control; it was something in their eyes that explained things exactly like they needed.

Mike looked at her in the same way he did when she came back to him after a year without her and Eleven smiled and nodded so softly, so sincerely that only him, who knew her better than anybody else, could possibly understand. They read each other openly; they said everything before saying it.

It was a classic prom night cliché, the night of perfect romance and glamour that would open the doors of love. Maybe that was it because, even if she wasn't saying it out loud, El noticed Mike's hand on her waist and took it right to her face, caressing her own cheek with it and kissing it as if she was blessing him; she slowly drove it to her nape to the knot tying together the straps on her dress and she smiled at him again with that perfect, sweet and innocent smile that made him fall for her all those years back even before he knew. Her complicit gaze so comforting that just then Mike noticed his mouth was still hanging open.

He blinked once, twice, three times and licked his lips for a moment, waking up from his initial shock only to make a question so dumb that Eleven thought was perfect. It was so *him*, so accurate to the boy she loves that if she stopped to think about it even more, she would feel so touched that it would make her cry out of joy.

"Are you sure?" Mike asked even when he knew the answer. The gift placed in front of him, the treasure she was offering without hesitation.

Eleven thought he couldn't be even more considerate and yet, there he is again, breaking his own record.

She nodded again as softly as she whispered. "So sure, since so long."

That was all it took for Mike to set free that part of him he always kept locked inside and under control, afraid it would cause El to feel

rushed, now letting it take over him, wrapping his entire body and every limb like a bomb made of the passion and the heat he would have held a hundred years to release if she ever asked him to. His fingers let go the straps of her dress for a moment and before she could misunderstand, he wrapped her waist with one hand and the other held her head, making Eleven melt in his arms when she recognized the fire shining in his eyes. It was so intense that it would make the king of volcanoes fall from grace.

Their lips met again half way in the path that brought together two teenagers and two souls that will forever fall in love with each other in every life, in any universe because fate decided they were meant for each other.

That was more than kiss, it was so intense, so new and it transformed the tinkles of their lips into electric shocks every time Eleven sucked Mike's bottom lip, *her* bottom lip, the one she claimed as her own until the end of the world. The sound of the mouths while they opened and kissed deeper became a door without lock, becoming something so much powerful when Eleven wrapped her arms around his neck and Mike held tight against him in a crushing hug, feeding each other with the desire they built since so long. Now the flame was finally free and it was ready to devour them the same way they were eating each other, lips against lips.

Eleven forgot about the floor under her feet, too busy devouring Mike's mouth and at the same time trying to breathe to her nose so she wouldn't have to stop kissing him. She could see with her eyes shut the spark of their love lighting up like it was a massive flame ready to burn them to their cores when she asked for entrance with her tongue and he allowed her in, opening his mouth and rubbing his own against hers letting them dance in their mouth just like they did that night on their senior prom. It was the connection they created and kept on hold all those years now released because they were sure of what they wanted and they were free to give in to it.

They broke apart only when they needed to catch their breath and even then, they couldn't let go completely. Eleven's hands were tangled in his boyfriend's locks; their mouth attached to one another's, their breathing mixed together as they panted on their mouths. Expectation and excitement filling their bodies at the

knowledge of what was coming, what was going to happen already burning in their groins.

"I love you. I love you *so much*, Mike." El whispered. She squeezed his hair in her fingers and her arms around his neck pulled him even closer. She wanted him so close; she wanted him inside of her so badly.

Mike answered to her needs intensively, his full lips kissing her again and making a trail of soft kisses from her mouth through her neck until he found the hickey he left on her skin the night before and kissing the sore spot tenderly, since he didn't want to hurt her again.

"I love you, El. I can't let you go, I can't *live* without you." he whispered against her skin, causing her goosebumps when Mike's hands started roaming on her open back, exposed by her sexy-as-hell black dress. She almost felt him hesitate but at the same time she could feel something different in his touch and just how much he wanted to feel her; she knew that, this time, she had him wrapped around her finger.

One of Mike's hand held her firmly by the waist, his thumb drawing little circles on the end of her dress and her skin while travelling down until he found the zipper on the curve of her butt; his other hand was busy as well, caressing her spine with the tip of his fingers all the way up until they reached her nape, closing around the knot of straps she introduced him before. They both looked into each other's eyes, the soft yellow light of the basement embracing them, the crystals of her dress sparkling every time she breathed and their eyes looking at the other with so much love that Eleven knew she would *never* regret it. There he was, the boy she is so madly in love with, loving her so much that it was almost impossible and with a soft smile she gave him green light to continue and take what she so willingly offered.

El lost herself in him, in his chocolate eyes, in his caring truthful smile and he smiled back while unzipping her dress all the way down through her butt-cheeks and finally giving up under the spell she had him in. His fingers on her straps pulled them slightly and the knot went undone, letting her dress fall to the ground in one fast motion.

And just like that Michael Wheeler's eyes almost fell off its sockets when her sexy black dress with sparkly crystals and stones went tangled around her ankles, leaving her completely naked in front him.

For a couple of seconds his brain cells went on a vacation.

She knew it would take him out of guard but the look on her boyfriend's face was like a poem and a part of Eleven wished she'd had a camera to take a picture of him right there at how stunned he was when her mystery dress came off so easily.

Eleven wanted to laugh, trying to remember the surprise in Mike's eyes when she stood naked in his arms. He looked at her body, his mouth hanging open, those soft lips that could kiss her until the end of time trying to form words even when his brain still had no thoughts at all. His chocolate look started to wander on her body and Eleven could practically feel his eyes touching her skin just by looking at her. She could *feel* him running through her legs knowing how much he liked them since he always said they were soft like feathers. She could feel him in her stomach and how many times he drew invisible patters around her bellybutton with his thumb when he held her from behind. She could feel his eyes on her panties covering her special area and knowing he was craving to see it; she was craving too. They never saw each other's private parts before, even when he had already touched and caressed and played with hers so many times already, he never *saw* it but now he looked at her like if he was starving; almost dying to see it. Mike's eyes went up to her chest and found her small and perfect breasts, the one he had seen before and he licked his lips remembering how good they taste and desperately wanting to taste them again.

Yet he couldn't say a single word and she tried her best not to giggle. She felt so happy because he was looking at her like she wanted him to in the first place.

The fact that her dress was so easily removed overwhelmed Mike. To see her nudity, her bare skin soft like... like nothing he ever felt before. He put his hands on her, rubbing her shoulders and caressing her arms, he realized he never touched something as soft as her skin before. She was softer than cotton, softer than silk, even softer than

feathers but also, with the glowing yellow light from the basement drawing her sides, Mike could have sworn he saw feathers on her back.

He suddenly became very aware of how he must have been looking at her for the past two minutes and he got a little embarrassed and felt a little foolish, yet he blinked a couple of times and forced himself out of his shock, awakening from his initial mental paralysis and gave her a huge smile just like the one she was giving to him. Just like she'd been smiling at him from the moment her body was exposed and then he realized he was still wearing his clothes.

Suddenly he hated that he had to remove various pieces of clothing before going any further. He rushed his hands to his shirt and El had to stop him tenderly, smiling and laughing at him, her lilting voice filling every corner of his heart and she pulled him down for a kiss. Mike kissed her back, immediately moaning in her mouth by feeling her naked waist in his hands while they embraced and Eleven loved the fact that he had so many more clothes to remove before they could continue.

That was her plan all along, to have a dress that she could easily take off and leave her naked so fast that Mike wouldn't have time to think or analyze what they were doing while getting her naked. It was manipulation, totally and it worked because she knew she'd have to keep his mind under control by making him lose his head and simply give in to his desires. He had been analyzing things for so long now, always waiting and pushing their encounter for later, always holding back his own urges all because he feared she might feel pressured that it always ended up with them dry-humping instead of doing anything else. It was very sweet and considerate on his part but yet, Eleven wanted to release Mike from his own fears and worries and simply enjoy what they both had to offer; to let their passion take over them instead of keeping it under control.

It worked, maybe because he saw her there already naked that he started to answer by instinct, barely thinking just *feeling* her. His hands were roaming on her back up and down her spine while kissing and caressing all the way from her hair and down to her hips, touching every inch of her naked skin. Mike held her tight and El felt so proud of herself, enjoying the way he was touching her, his lips

against hers and the roaring beast purring from deep within his chest, the one he had been keeping under control until that day; and when Eleven held him closer, pressing her body against his, she felt his increasing hardness growing in his pants.

They broke the kiss panting, knowing they were just starting and pecked for a few moments, leaving kisses here and there. Mike found her shoulder and left a bunch of little kisses, playing with the hickey he gave her the night before while Eleven moved her hands from his neck and down to find and remove his bowtie. All on her own rhythm and not needing to ask, El kissed him deeper while her hands took their place on his shirt and begun to slowly undress him, taking her time to discover the boy that was touching and kissing her too. She felt so confident, unbuttoning her boyfriend's shirt one by one until it was open and then she moved her hand under the fabric, touching his skin and exploring his chest with her small, feminine fingers. He gave her a playful bite and they snickered while moving his hands down to her bum and she touched his stomach, his chest and his shoulders too, slowly removing his shirt.

"Take it off." she whispered and knew Mike was smiling against her skin while kissing her neck. He took his shirt off as she ordered and they looked back into their eyes, finding heaven under long eyelashes.

"You are so beautiful, baby." Mike whispered. His smile and the look in his eyes were so true, his gorgeous face so full of love and that wonderful boy she knew so well made all that waiting worthy of every single second because he was looking at her like *that*; as long as he keeps looking at her that way she would fight a million monsters and every single bad men, as long as he remains her, as long and he loves her, as long as he is holding her hand.

"I love you, Mike." El whispered again because she couldn't hold back. She knows she has him wrapped around her finger and she damn well knows she belongs to him and his wishes too. "Touch me, Mike. I need your hands on me."

Eleven wanted Mike not only to touch her but also to *feel* her, to explore her body with the same hands that gave her pleasure, the same hands that comforted her when she had a nightmare; to touch

her and make love to her and get his pleasure thanks to her. El wanted him to feel what her adoration; her love for him has driven her into, to take her body since he already has everything else while she takes him all the same way. She wanted to discover him; she wanted to get discovered almost like a metaphor for the world she'd been shown since she met him, now she wanted to discover new things and new pleasures underneath the clothes of the boy she is so in love with until he transforms into the man that would love the woman inside the girl she still is.

Underneath that shirt she took off, underneath the pants she started to unbutton until they fell on the floor and he kicked them next to her black dress, Mike groaned and started kissing her neck fiercely, holding her head and her waist in his hands; Eleven had to find her strength and tried not to melt in his arms.

Mike was remaining only with his socks and boxers on while holding, kissing and touching his girlfriend who was only wearing her bottom underwear.

They hugged tightly, their fire colliding into the walls of their bodies in desperate flames, trying to find one another and become one. They squeezed each other in their arms, kissing fiercely and passionately, they were starving; they needed extra lips to kiss, extra tongues to taste, extra hands to explore, extra hours to spend and so many years to share.

El felt so thirsty and she knew Mike felt that way too, not only because he was kissing her like there was no tomorrow but also because, when she pressed her hip against his, her boyfriend's hardness felt larger and thicker than she ever felt before. So many times Eleven rode his boner before, chasing her own orgasm by rubbing her intimacy against his with the clothes on, yet she never felt it this hard until now. She knew it wasn't simply because only their underwear was on the way, but the fact that they were about to actually – finally – see each other private parts.

Mike broke the kiss by sucking on her upper lip like she always did with his, leaving it a bit swollen and grinning proudly to it, Eleven thought he looked so sexy right then that she started to grow impatient.

"Mike." she gasped when his lips claimed her neck again, this time biting and sucking the other side, playing with her shoulder like he did with the other one. Eleven put a sudden shy hand over his bundle, knowing it was only hers from now on; she pressed a bit causing Mike to unconsciously dig his teeth on her skin and El knew he must have experienced great pleasure because she could have sworn Mike got ever harder on her hand.

He was almost on the edge, he wouldn't hold back much longer. The taste of her skin was sweeter and more intoxicating probably because he knew they were about to make love. He needed to taste her and lick her as much as he needed air in his lungs. Mike let her undress and touch him all she wanted but when she grabbed his boner, squeezing his erection which was trapped under his boxers, he let his passion break loose and moved his hand down to her front, playing with the end of her panties and reaching the heat his fingers knew so well already.

"Ah!" she gasped when his index finger went under the lace of her panties and caressed her already wet folds, just the way he likes it. "Mike, please..." she begged in his ear and his grin grew even wider.

He kissed her again, just a sweet, long kiss and at the same time he made her moan in his mouth, taking his time to play with her intimacy.

"Say it, baby. Come on; please say it with that beautiful voice you have." Mike whispered, their lips still connected, their breathing mixed between kisses.

She gasped again when his thumb found her clit, carefully playing with it. Her legs trembled and he held her by the waist with his other arm, holding her still while rubbing her sensitive spot.

"Mike please, make love to me here. Now." El pled in his mouth, hungry for his lips and she touched him again, desperately wanting him to feel as good as she felt.

He looked around, like if he just remembered they weren't in his room with the comfort his bed would give them unlike the couch which was great for naps but maybe not ideal for sex; yet Eleven was

already pointing to where she wanted to become his.

El told Mike where their first time should be and in wasn't a bed nor a couch. Where she wanted to open for him was that place she first called hers. The first bed she owned, her refuge, the first home Mike built for her; the first present a little boy gave to the girl he rescued.

Eleven wanted to make love for the first time in her fort, the place where miracles come true, the one little haven in which she would always remember that, as long as Mike is beside her, all of her dreams will come true.

When Mike noticed the true meaning of why she wanted to make love there, the intensity of what it meant to truly become one in the fort in which their love begun, it all was so big and so strong he found himself holding back tears of joy. He couldn't care less that it was a bit too small for both of them; all he cared about was to make her happy wherever she wanted to. If El wanted to make love in the fort, a bed or next to a volcano, then he would happily agree. Mike pulled away a little and pecked her on the lips, he took her hands between his and kissed her knuckles one by one while looking straight into her eyes at all times. Their eyes were sparkling, filled with expectation and when he leaned again to her ear, whispering against it, his breath made her shiver.

"Lay down, baby."

The tingle in her loins grew fast and strong, it even got her a little nervous but never doubts. Eleven smiled at him, her hands between his and she nodded, ready to become his.

Letting her go was an act of braveness, that was the first thing Mike thought because when she turned to lay back on the fort, he went to grab his pants and find the condom he saved in his wallet, barely believing he was actually going to use it; yet when he turned around he found that, to his surprise, Eleven was also taking a condom from her handbag. They both stared at each other, at the little package and immediately started laughing hysterically. Mike went to hug her.

"Oh my God, El, did I ever tell you how perfect you are?" he asked while laughing, leaving a bunch of little kisses on her lips.

Eleven leaned her forehead against his, a huge smile on her lips and that soft, fresh wave of humour and fun so typical of them in the middle of their foreplay, only turned their encounter more real and honest. It was so *them* that it only made their encounter more perfect.

"You are the one to talk." whispered El, their lips only an inch away, their eyes so connected.

Their love so perfect it literally burned them.

Mike kissed her again. There was no way, no fucking way that he could ever stop loving her.

"Where did you get...?" Mike almost asked but immediately stopped, remembering Hopper's face when he saw El coming out of Joyce's room wearing her prom dress and then, when they were about to get in the car when he grabbed Mike's shoulder and almost said something to him. Did he know? Did Hopper know?

"Oh, baby, please don't tell me you asked your father for it."

She almost played along with Mike's embarrassment but then she chose not to. She wouldn't want to distract him or start over analyzing things, not when they were almost naked and so close to finally do it.

"No, honey." she said between giggles and kissing the corners of his mouth, talking softly. "I thought you probably didn't have one so I asked Joyce... Hang on, when did you buy condoms?"

Mike shivered, his fears running down his spine. He really hoped she wouldn't misunderstand.

"Uhm, Steve. He found me pacing around the drugstore and forced me to buy like a million."

El raised an eyebrow. "So, we'll need a million?"

Mike panicked. "No! Well, I mean, yes, I mean..." he sighed. "I thought that maybe after everything we've done then this was meant to happen sooner than later, so I wanted to be ready, you know? To protect you, but I would never rush you to anythi—"

Eleven cut him off with a kiss, determined not let him get anxious or unsure of what they were about to do.

"I'm glad you did." she spoke into his mouth, holding him again and wanting him as close as possible. She felt cold without him. "We'll use yours now, then mine and then we'll just have to taste every one of them, don't you think? I don't like wasting."

She bit his lip and he gasped, getting horny again. "I hate wasting, it's not cool." he spoke so softly, their lips touching.

"So not cool." El bit his lips again, sucking on it and Mike's erection winced in his underwear, reminding him that it was still there and needing attention.

The tone in her voice, her warm and almost naked body pressed against his put them back on track, only by listening how she wanted to use every single condom he bought.

Mike nodded, he was doomed and so much in love. "Everything you want, El. If you want the entire world, just snap your fingers and I'll give it all to you, I promise." he said like if he was under a spell, and he is.

Eleven smiled again and gave him another sweet, tender kiss. "You are my world, Mike, you've always had, you always will; but now I want you to make love to me in the fort you built for me. The first place where you showed me just how true you are."

The way in which Mike looked at her when she said such beautiful words, made Eleven feel gigantic and so, so small. She felt like the luckiest girl in the whole world, dimensions included. Such love, such intensity in his chocolate eyes, his smile so honest, all of what makes Mike himself made her fall in love with him all over again but, this time, a million times stronger.

They both knew they would always love each other, in this life and every single one yet to come.

Mike put his hand in her waist again and leaned to kiss her deeply, not wanting to stop. He started caressing her naked back with

intensity, with fire, allowing those new sensations and private emotions to fill them while they kissed; their love so pure, so true from way before they realized they had fallen for each other. They kept enjoying this new intimacy, ready to cross the line that would take them to eternity, sealing their love forever.

Slowly they went down under the table of the fort, keeping their mouth together at all times until she sat on the pillows and he let her rest properly on them until she felt comfortable enough and then he could lay on top of her, Eleven's arms reaching for him and he went back to kiss the girl that one day would become his wife. They both were sure of it.

While El had her arms around his neck and one of his legs pulling him closer and wrapped around his hip, their intimacies rubbing against each other and feeding their physical need for more, burning them to core; Mike regretted that he waited for this for so long. He had been desperate to have this, she obviously wanted too but he had to fight his fears first. Fear, that's what it was, the fear of pushing her beyond her boundaries and, even if he was sweet and considerate he'd also been dumb. How couldn't he see it before? She was ready for him the same way he was ready for her and it wasn't rushing because they knew they were only starting. Everything they've done, everything they've shared it had only been the preview of the life ahead.

With the sound of their kisses, their mixed breathing so heavy and deep and their flame burning their skin from inside out; Mike and Eleven were right at the edge of their abyss, ready to jump onto the future which was clear and right. They were ready from head to toe, they were about to seal their love, to prove everyone that this is more than 'puppy love'. From now on, whoever thinks that they could simply move on from each other would have to think twice, because it was easier to make the grass grow blue, the sun to become ice and the ocean to become stone.

"Mike, please. I can't hold on any longer." El whispered, her plead almost hurting her throat. Her eyes so big, her cheeks so perfectly pink.

He kissed her again, just a small peck on those gorgeous lips, his

personal drug, then Mike smiled at her with his full lips and, slowly, started kissing his way down her body, filling his senses with the scent of her skin.

Eleven closed her eyes, enjoying his warm lips and the hands that left trails of fire on her sides while his mouth kept tasting her around her cleavage. He knew what he was doing; he was very good at it. She felt Mike's hands, so soft and tender exploring her body while his lips kissed every inch of her collarbone; but when she felt him hesitate and before she could say something or ask him what was going on, El finally felt one of his hands close on her left breast and his mouth kissing the other one, giving her the pleasure only he damn well knows how to provide.

"Ah!"

Oh, that moan. That small, high-pitched moan that made him lose any self control came earlier than he anticipated when Mike put his hand on her small, perfect breasts he has been tasting for so long. They were firm and soft, his hand closed on one of them, massaging it at his own pace and squeezed just a little, exactly the way she likes it while his lips kept on kissing and sucking on the other one, drawing patterns on her nipple until it got hard. He gave her a small tug with his teeth, playing a little before sucking onto it.

"Oh Mike!" Eleven moaned again, this time louder. She loved how he always paid attention to her boobs and it always felt just as good.

Her voice while receiving pleasure was his favourite sound and still there was a lot more to discover. He could walk to the end of the word, he could kiss her and give her pleasure as much as she wants it as long and she asks for it with her moaning. He would do anything she asks him to only to hear her calling his name like that, with pleasure, with passion and so sweet it was almost sacred in her tongue.

"I love you." Mike said when he let her nipple go and then put his hand on her other boob, now kissing the other like he did with the right one.

She knew for a while already how good his hands felt on her body.

The way he played with her breasts, the way it made her feel like if she is perfect in every way; she never had the need of picturing herself with bigger boobs, he always made sure that she never had insecurities in any way, shape or form. Mike was always there, looking at her that way like if she was made of gold, like the most beautiful creature in the entire world.

His hands soon left her boobs and started to wander down her body and his mouth stopped kissing her nipple and made a trail of kisses to the centre; she acted by instinct and pressed his face with her breast, pulling him down to them while playing with his hair.

She didn't know where her confidence was coming from but Mike went a little crazy when she did that and he kissed harder, rougher and biting a bit more, earning a few whimpers when he squeezed them on his own.

"Fuck, El, you're so sexy. I think I'm going to pass out." Mike growled, this time his desire was palpable in his voice. He was on the edge too. "I wanna give you everything, baby. I wanna give you all the pleasure you deserve."

It was the truth, aside from him wanting to experience how it feels to actually have sex, it was probably more important for him that she enjoys their encounter as much as him. He wanted her to moan his name, to gasp and breath in his ear and make her feel like if she is on the clouds, floating in bliss with his weight on top of her.

"Do it, Mike, please. I can't wait, I need you."

The boy looked at her, her eyes half-closed, her mouth swollen from the kisses they shared; she was trying to resist, she was aching for him. It was the most erotic view, his hands on her breasts, the way she licked her lips, the blush on her cheeks.

Perfect, so fucking *perfect*.

He started to kiss his way down again, this time on her stomach leaving kisses and playful bites here and there, getting a little silly with her bellybutton too because that's how he likes to be and she growled because she was desperate for more. Mike pushed himself up

again, his hands on her sides and grabbed the sides of her panties, barely believing what was going to happen. He was about to get her completely naked, he was actually going to *see* the sensitive area his fingers knew so well and, knowing that it would probably be stupid to ask if this was okay, Mike pulled her panties down and slowly rolled them down her thighs.

She was finally naked, a monument of beauty.

"Mike?" asked El after her boyfriend took her last piece of clothing and he was staring at her knelled on the pillows inside the fort with her panties in his hand. He was silent, his mouth hanging open; she felt a little shy and had the need to close her legs. Maybe he didn't like what he saw?

"You are..." he spoke again, his mouth suddenly dry. "My God, El, I'll have to find a better word because 'beautiful' it's simply not enough."

She signed in relief, growing confident again and feeling a little silly too. They've been together for so long, she should know already that when Mike is looking at her like that it's only because she has him right where she wants, except...

"You too." she said with a smile and looked down at his underwear and the bulge underneath.

He'd be lying if he didn't admit he got a little nervous when it was his turn to remove his underclothes, but he had to. He looked back into her eyes, a smile and another kiss and then Mike took off his boxers, showing everything he has. They stood there, Mike kneeling between her legs and Eleven resting on her back, both looking for the first time their most private parts.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Wow." El finally whispered, staring at her boyfriend's penis.

Well, 'wow' isn't a bad thing, right? *Right?*

Still Mike got a little embarrassed and a little too naked because she was just staring at it, like if she was analyzing his erection or even studying his hardness at all its glory, but before he could say anything she erased every single doubt in his head.

"Nice to meet you." El babbled and almost immediately wanted to kick her own butt, knowing she said the most stupid thing in the whole planet. She just couldn't find any other words, she was speechless but not because she was afraid or disgusted by his manhood, but simply because she was surprised. Mike's penis was, well, huge. She never saw it before, all she ever done was touch it in top of the clothes or rub against it until they both came but she never saw it; but now she was looking at it, his full size standing proud and so hard she could hang a wet towel on it and it would stay like that until it's dry, it made her remember that the first time is supposed to hurt.

Nevertheless, she found his lips kissing her again and fresh laughter washing her fears away.

"I..." kiss "Love..." kiss "You..." kiss "So..." kiss, kiss "Much!" said Mike between laughter and kisses.

"I love you too, Mike. So, so much." she said, kissing back and holding him by his jaw until she found his curls. So handsome, so wonderful.

They kissed a bit more after that, whispering words and she asked him where his pubic hair was, which made Mike blush when he told her Steve had suggested he should shave down there; all of that while they touched and explored each other, grinding into each other while being fully naked. Mike groaned and she squealed when his length pressed between her folds vertically and he moved, rubbing their intimacies together and she bit her lips, desperate for more. The blood in their veins hit the boiling point, they were past beyond the edge of desire so Mike moved away for a moment and knelt a little outside the fort only to come back with the condom in hand. He struggled a little to open the damn thing and Eleven kept looking at him with hunger, craving for him and watching how gorgeous he is; how sexy he looks. Her boyfriend knelt between her legs, his member standing proud and hard while he placed the condom on its

tip and rolled it down his shaft.

They stared at each other in silence, an indescribable feeling wrapping their bodies as the night fell upon them and childhood said its last goodbye.

Their eyes connected, sparkling and expectant, their hearts beating in sync with the other, together in every way, connected beyond limits. They saw the future crystal clear; they watched the begging of steamy hot nights and the awakening of endless mornings after they loved each other in the dark of the night. Mike watched her and he knew she was made of gold, her legs opened for him, her hair on the pillows, her arms above her head and that beautiful smile he loves. She was naked and she never looked as pretty as in that moment, and Eleven looked at him as she realized he was made for star dust. The boy who became her reason, her madness, her everything.

"Ready, baby?" asked Mike while leaning onto her, his hand caressing her thigh while getting closer to her. He knew she was but he had to ask, it was his nature.

She nodded one more time, showing the entrance of her intimacy by spreading her legs a little further, ready to receive him in her middle, to hold him as much as it was possible, exposing her insides for him and yearning to receive the pleasure he has to offer.

"I'm ready."

Mike took a moment to find an angle he was comfortable with since he'll be the one to set their rhythm. It was so unreal and so wonderful in so many ways to be there, naked with her legs on each side of his body and he felt fresh waves of desire hit him when he looked at her wet flower, the one he touched to many times and lean onto it, getting closer and closer. He supported himself in one arm and grabbed his member with the other, lining his tip with her centre, gasping at the heat coming from her. Meanwhile Eleven took him in her arms, her soft tender hands caressing his shoulders and his arms, making their encounter as intimate and loving as possible, and also to lift the pressure she knew he had. She felt him so close, they were both so hot she wondered how they didn't melt already until she finally felt his tip slightly pressing her folds and Mike leaning on his

elbows on each side of her body.

They looked into their eyes; both chocolate and hazel under long thick eyelashes, pink and freckled cheeks, full and pink lips. The moment they've been waiting for.

"El, if it hurts too much, promise me you'll let me know."

That was unexpected.

"Huh?" she was a little shook but Mike's eyes were very, very serious.

"Promise me, baby. I don't wanna hurt you, I—" but her index finger shushed him.

"Shh, I promise, I promise, but now Mike, please love me."

A new smile and Mike caressed her cheek with his thumb and leaned to kiss her so softly and hug each other to relax her as much as possible when he lowered his hip and pushed himself in, taking the treasure she kindly offered to him.

Suddenly the air in his lungs disappeared like if someone stole it from him, immediately causing him to open his mouth, close his eyes and press his forehead against hers. His hands became fists and he had to stop his touches so he could focus on taking all those overwhelming sensations that being inside of her for the first time gave to him. He didn't hear the soft music of the radio near them and wouldn't have definitely not even noticed if a freaking truck would smash against the house either because every one of his brain cells became hazed and he placed his full attention on the indescribable euphoria and gigantic bliss that being inside of her and pushing himself deep inside of his girlfriend gave to him. He slid too easily since she was as wet as never before and also because her core seemed to suck him in, wrapping him with her humidity, her heat and her tightness.

He imagined this moment and the pleasure so many times but that wasn't even close to the real thing and only when he was half way inside Mike gathered the strength to open his eyes and forced himself to look at her and check how she was.

Concern washed over him immediately.

"El, are you alright?" his voice was a deep groan, he couldn't hide the pleasure but he was genuinely worried when he saw the expression of her face.

Her brow was furrowed, her eyes were squeezed tight shut, her jaw clenched and she was biting her lip hard. So no, she wasn't alright.

"Don't..." El gasped when she found her voice and Mike's eyes were wide open. As much as he could be enjoying their union and the immense joy their first time gave to him, as much as he didn't want to pull off from her and as much as he wished to keep on going; he would never ever hurt her. Mike moved his hips back wanting to get out but as soon as he tried, Eleven opened her eyes ready to find the chocolate ones she loves. "Don't stop, Mike. P-please, g-go on."

Mike couldn't hide his own pleasure and how good it felt to be inside of her, it was a lot more intense than he could ever imagined and he was barely half inside of her, he still needed to keep going until his erection was fully inside. He just hoped it wouldn't hurt her so much because, truth be told, he was aware of how *big* he really is. Still Mike felt some great guilt overshadow his enjoyment only by looking at her and how she wasn't enjoying herself. In the last year they've been touching each other and 'practicing' for this day, he learned how to respond and buck against her when they rubbed and grinded in his car, the couch or her cabin; he learned how to move his fingers to make her climax. He had learned what she likes, how she wants things and which way she enjoys his fingers the most but, right now, Mike realized he didn't know what to do to make her feel good. He panicked a bit.

"Baby, I can stop right now. You don't need to suff--"

But her kiss cut him midsentence, that and her legs she wrapped around his hip, holding and pushing him all the way inside of her. Mike gripped the cushions with his hands and his head fell on her shoulder; Eleven held him tight against her body and hugged him so tight she almost broke his ribs.

They both tried their best to keep on breathing.

"Oh f-fuck!" they both gasped at the same time when they could find

some air and relax a little from the incredible sensation of being closer than anyone else. It was a new kind of hug, an intimacy that was overpowering, unbearable and so, so delicious. They said goodbye to their virginities.

And Eleven couldn't be happier.

When Mike pressed his tip and slowly pushed himself in, El tried to relax as much as she could, partially because her arousal allowed her to and because she really wanted him as deep as possible but, also because she knew it would hurt; yet she could have never guessed it would be that painful.

At first, he went really slow but she knew he was simply trying to be as careful as humanly possible, trying to spare her the pain, still the stinging and burning sensation were irrepressible. She had dreamed about that moment almost every night in the last year and every morning after she dreamed they finally had sex, she always remembered and treasured the feeling of him inside of her as she dreamed with the little burning and all it's pleasure but now, that it was actually happening, Eleven realized that 'little' burning was only her mind replaying what she felt the first time he put his fingers on her. But that had been his fingers and this was bigger than one or two fingers; *a lot* bigger.

"You okay, E-El?" Mike asked again when he found his voice.

She nodded immediately, hugging him tighter and closer, biting her lip and trying her best to get used to his size inside of her.

"I'm sorry, El. Try, just try to relax baby, okay?" Mike whispered in her ear, pushing himself up again on his elbows and regaining his strength from the initial shock of the pleasure and pressure her walls put on his member. He started to kiss her neck and ear and every piece of skin he could find, whispering everything he felt and all of which he was made of and how he only belongs to her, trying his best to erase her pain and make her feel good again.

So sweet, so unique, so impossibly considerate. So him.

She simply can't stop loving him.

"Don't apologize, I... You..." gasped Eleven, clinging on his body and looking at him again, moving her head to a side to meet him. His chocolate eyes were blurred because of the pleasure but also concerned for her. "You must be *very* proud." El joked, trying to wash his worries away.

The boy looked a little confused at first until he understood her compliment disguised as a joke. Even if he knew, modesty aside, that he carries an equipment of a generous size, he felt quite proud of it when the girl he is so in love with seemed to be okay with how big he can be.

Mike laughed and kissed her again.

The freshness of Eleven's joke while trying to adjust at his size and trying to get use to feel him all the way inside of her body along with their kisses, the care and the connection they've been sharing from the beginning, caused that Mike realized they have been making love since a long time ago.

Because that's what making love really means and it's not just the physical part of it but also make love happen. To have it all, to put in into practice because they are both the one and only with whom they could laugh with, the person with whom they make jokes, the one who became their everything and the person who will always be supportive no matter what because they share the same dreams, the same goals and the same fears. Each achievement belongs to both of them, each sacrifice takes an effort from both sides and it makes every triumph something to celebrate together because, whatever they did it was part of the future they want to built as a couple.

That's the maturity which they needed to reach, so they could realize that making love was something way beyond the physical act of sex, but actually make their love happen in practice so it could be completely undeniable like it had always been; and so they could see that, actually, him and Eleven have been making love from the beginning and sex was only a new brick in the life they were building. A new special kind of love that's intimate because it's so private, so pure it can only be shown to the other and away from everybody else because it's deep, because it's sacred.

Having sex with someone you love its call making love because it's the moment when the feeling becomes palpable and all that moaning it's the sincerest song that comes from the soul. That's why it hardly can be a word, that's why it's so hard to talk because it shows the enjoyment of the body and the incredible feeling of being as close as anyone before.

They stood still for a moment while Mike kept kissing her neck, her cheeks, her temples and her lips and trying his best to get Eleven as relaxed as possible so she could enjoy their union and put the initial pain on the side. Eleven knew he tried to be as gentle as possible and he tried his best not to hurt her but she also knew it was simply impossible not to suffer; yet she kissed him back and answered to his touches all she could because she also knew this pain was a temporary problem. She had him very close to her body, her fingers caressing the injuries on his back and shoulders that she made with her nails and kept him chest against chest, stomach against stomach and united as one by their hips, slowly getting used to the feeling of his shaft inside of her body like the one piece of puzzle she'd been missing.

She felt whole, complete. The emptiness that always hurt her was now filled with his love and she finally felt ready to take what he had to offer.

"I love you." said Mike on her lips.

She kissed him back. "I love you. Now, Mike, please move... slowly."

"Of course, baby."

Mike put his weight on his elbows and, focusing on being as kind as he could, he rocked his hips back finding a new wave of pleasure hitting him and then he pushed himself back in, almost unable to stop his own groan and how good that felt. He repeated the motion until he set a slow pace.

Eleven, on her side, was on the freaking clouds.

The first thrust when he took her virginity hurt like a bitch, although it wasn't anyone's fault but when Mike pushed himself back and

inside again, the stinging sensation and the pressure reduced *a lot*. It was so weird, so new, so hard to explain. She felt a little startled – in a good way – by this new touch and she slowly began to feel the burning fading away and how the nasty pressure she felt at first starting to feel more comfortable as Mike moved and thrustured into her. The feeling of his member sliding on her insides made Eleven explore new things, discovering a whole new joy by knowing he is the one making love to her.

It wasn't a dream, it was a thousand times better than that. The awkwardness, the inexperience, the intense love that was burning them mixed with bliss taking over their bodies again, it all made that night the best one. This new intimacy was beyond perfect.

While Mike felt more comfortable and speed up to a medium pace, meeting her core with each thrust and memorizing every inch of it, he also put his attention at remembering every single one of her expressions as he kept moving. He wanted to make her feel good and give back the lust she lost because of the initial discomfort, but he set his goal and he wanted to make her feel good again, whatever it takes. He wanted her to moan his name, to whispered it with trembling voice and get back the blush on her cheeks and that beautiful look she did every time he got her to climax when he fingered her he night before.

"Kiss me." she asked, her dilated eyes and her touch on his back made impossible for Mike to resist. The tone in her voice was deep and sexy and he leaned to kiss her intensively; Eleven buried her finger in his hair and wrapped and arm around on his shoulder and neck, deepening the kiss, biting a bit.

For both of them it was so much better than what their imagination made them believe in the past and yet, they couldn't bring themselves to believe that it was actually happening, they felt so unbelievable lucky. They both craved for it, Eleven because she was desperate and she needed Mike to put his fears behind and understand that he is the only one for her. She pleaded for that night for so long, she wanted to feel his weight onto her and his body moving inside and on top of her, rubbing their skin and pressing in between her legs burying himself in her centre with every thrust so deep he could feel her soul surrendering to the delight of him making love to her in body and

heart while taking his own pleasure thanks to her.

And she was also taking her pleasure too because, as Mike kept moving, reaching a more confident and comfortable rhythm, finding the perfect angle for his thrusts so he could push himself in and out of her easier; Eleven soon noticed that the pressure she felt at first went quickly from awkward and painful to something equally tortuous but so much pleasant.

El didn't know if it was because their chests were grinding, or because Mike's kisses were unbelievably sexy, (he went from giving her slow kisses to start making out with her openly, sucking her lips). She didn't know if it was because of his groans between kisses, or because their his skin kept rubbing her nipples. She didn't know if it was his hands on her sides or the sound their lips made when they had to gasp for air or those heaving breathing while he kept thrusting and enjoying her tight walls; but it was in the middle of all of that that Eleven soon begun feeling a lot more.

Eleven wasn't the prisoner she had been before meeting him; she had freedom and yet, now by her own will while she was under Mike, making love for the first time she chose to surrender her freedom to a new prison built up out of insane bliss. She wanted to live forever inside the walls that her love for him and their passion were building in their ribcage and their loins. Their hearts kept beating fast and strong and she could feel his heartbeat against her chest in each thrust, in each rub, in each electric shock sex gave her and made her moan. She wanted to keep enjoying her freedom, to live however she wanted to in the world and have a long life with Mike by her side so she could be as free as she wanted but never wanting to be free from him. She surrendered happily to him.

"Muh-mh Mike..." she instinctively moaned and her hands crawled up on his back to his shoulders again, holding on him and keeping her eyes close, trying to unravel this new tingling that got her hooked, craving for more.

Mike on his part was, well, on the freaking clouds too.

Even when he knew how she curled up when she came, even when he had already heard her moaning when she came on his fingers,

even when he already knew how her boobs tasted, even when he himself got to climax when they dry-humped before; nothing – really nothing – could even compare to how incredible it felt being actually inside of her.

Her skin so wonderfully soft, her intimacy so wet and hot responding to his thrusts and her tightness sucking his member and clenching on him harder than he could have dreamed of, Mike decided he wanted to live for a hundred years so each day he could thank his fate for putting their lives together.

Her kisses so sweet and addictive, his girlfriend a monument of perfection had, somehow, chosen non-other than him to surrender her most valued treasure. They were making love, they became as close as anyone has ever been before because nobody had what they have. Everything about her was seducing him, everything felt amazing and he didn't know what to do first; all he wanted was that she enjoys it as much as he does. He wanted her to feel him, to keep kissing him, to keep holding him close and, when he found the courage to move faster, Mike started bucking his hips into her, desperately wanting to make her moan his name.

"I love you." whispered Mike against her lips and he focused on her, studying the faces she made and know how she answered to the things he was doing.

He wanted to make sure that what it was doing was okay, his eyes were glued to her expressions and he tried to stay as focused as possible which was hard since his eyes where also blurry from his own delight. The waves of pleasure that being sliding inside of her made his blood reach its boiling point, but still he wanted to be sure that she was having a good time too. Suddenly while he kept studying her as he made love to her the best he could, Mike knew he would always remember the moment when he could *see* the pain fading away and when the pleasure started taking over her.

Her forehead once frowned now relaxed, her eyes once slammed shut now fluttering and half closed. Her jaw once clenched, her lips holding the pain now shaped into an 'o' form and Mike felt a huge wave of joy – and pride – when she licked and bit her lips as a clear sign that she really liked what he was doing to her. Her sweet velvet

lips, full lips, answering to the kisses he gave her, pushed Mike's sanity on the edge and he couldn't help kissing her hard. The beautiful noise their lips made when their pulled apart to catch their breath along with her moaning were like music to his ears and Mike couldn't stop himself from kissing his girlfriend again.

Their kisses made the sexiest noise and every time they needed to catch their breath, they'd lose themselves into each other's eyes, burying their gaze on each brain. Mike couldn't believe that he, king of the nerds and geeks everywhere was actually making love to the most beautiful girl in the entire world and when El moaned louder all because of how good he was making her feel, he almost lost his grip.

None of them could believe how good making love for the first time feels, how seductive it is, how inspiring it is to know that he was the one that made her feel that way. Mike knew she was enjoying herself as much as he is enjoying her tight walls, her hot core and all because of the love they so willingly gave to each other, surrendering to this higher, unimaginable pleasure.

"El, oh fuck baby you're so beautiful." Mike moaned against her ear, burying his face on the crook of her neck, getting more comfortable and and allowing himself to move faster.

His hot minty breath made love to her senses too; his skin brushing against her let the flame that once burned them get released, wrapping their bodies in a single blazing fire that fed that tingling in their groins. They wanted more, they needed more, she asked for more, he gave her more.

"Mike! Oh Mike fa-ah-ster!" her voice jumped on each thrust, making her hard to speak but she didn't care. Every time Mike shoved himself inside of her she wanted more of it. "Ha-harder!"

When Eleven gave Mike green light to move faster and love her harder, he begun to really allow his instincts and desire take over him, losing his head slowly and moving his hips in circles when he was inside of her completely, unabashedly rubbing his pelvis against her clit while his full hardness stimulated and filled her heat. He wanted to do anything as long as she kept moaning like that. He wanted to draw and write the pleasure on the face of his dream girl

so she could moan and scream thanks to him. After all she has always been like an open book and he always had a thing for literature too.

"Mike oh Mike yes! More!" El begged, her eyes rolling inside her head and madness knocking on her brain.

When she asked for more Mike simply lost it and gave in to what his body had been asking for. He started to really buck on her, her fluttery walls squeezing his erection like a vice and he growled because she almost made him cum but he stopped right on time and focused on her neck, biting and sucking on her harder than he ever done before.

So what if he leaves another huge ass hickey? She loves hickeys, they look sexy and he wants her to show those hickeys with pride so the world could see that he is the only one who's able to mark her skin like that.

"Ah!" a loud whimper crawled its way out of Eleven and she instinctively bit her lip, trying to control this new euphoria, the ecstasy that barely let her eyes stay opened. Her pleasure had her blind and she wanted to watch as the boy who's everything to her was making love to her and giving all of him on every thrust.

When he bit her neck this time it was so much different than before. The fact that he was doing it now, while being inside of her shook her to her very roots, her own delight smashing on her loins like waves and storms, hitting her core like a thunderbolt of passion, desire and eroticism. There were no words to describe how good Mike was making her feel, how marvellous it felt while he loves her that deep. It was beyond delicious, it was exhilarating.

It felt so exciting, so vigorous, much more than what Eleven thought it would. She always said Mike surprised her every day and, from then on... every night.

She was hooked, she wanted more, she needed more and listening to her most basic instincts, El begun bucking her hips towards him every time he digs himself deep. She kept holding on him tighter and stronger and pushing to him, taking him in as fast and hard as possible filling the basement with the slapping of their skin and the

sounds of their moans.

"Fuck, baby!" Mike growled against her neck and lost another bit of self-control when Eleven sought for more, rubbing and colliding on him every time he got fully inside of her, stimulating his sex until his brain melts.

He had to slow down a bit, staying fully inside of his girlfriend and again moving his hips in circles so her pleasure wouldn't get affected while he allowed himself a moment to gather a little more strength and not finish right there and then; he didn't want to cum until he'd took her to heaven and back first. Mike kissed her lips again and he was received with hunger, her fingers buried on his curls and messing up his hair while he moved his hands on her sides and one of his hands found her left boob, massaging it and playing with her nipple with his thumb and then went down through her side, leaving trails of fire on every one of her curves and thrusting on her deeper, stealing another raw whimper and a big moan.

They wished they had another set of hands to touch each other, more tongues to explore each other and when Mike leaned on his left elbow, supporting his weight on it and put his hand on the back of her knee wedging her leg up around his hip he, somehow, filled her even more. El screamed and that it was all it took for the beast to run free.

"Oh *God!*" El plead; her head fell back curving her body and giving Mike the most exquisite moans he had ever heard before.

He smiled, getting surprised and feeling satisfied, asking himself how the hell did he know how to do that.

"Come on, El. Come on baby don't hold back. Moan for me, honey, moan f-for me." Mike whispered on her lips, giving her sloppy kisses and moving back to her neck and shoulder and biting hard, taking his thrusts to a whole new level.

There, Eleven lost it. The last remains of her common sense disappeared without a trace and it became obvious that in the future, they should take their love making to when his house or the cabin are completely empty because she – definitely – was a screamer.

"I l-love... Oh Mike! Mike I l-love you so muh-much!" Eleven squealed, a fresh slash of pleasure hitting on her and exploded almost immediately, running through her limbs and traveling under her skin to gather under her belly button and moving down from there. Her boyfriend was taking her pleasure to a new level, ready to blossom. "Mike!"

She hugged him harder than she ever did before, not noticing when her nails engulfed on his skin; she was simply lost on the joy of their joined intimacies was giving to her. Their bodies loving each other so passionately and his mouth marking her in a way that, Eleven hoped, becomes the biggest hickey she'd ever wore.

She felt the softness from his skin with a thin fresh layer of sweat caused, no doubt, by the love they were sharing. The pulsing inside of her, the rhythm he applied while they were making love took her right to the abyss and also, made her climb a mountain higher than she ever did.

Her pleasure was taking her high, Mike was taking her higher than ever. Scrambling her brain into a mush of raw ecstasy and sex. Not even his fingers made her feel that way or even reach the simmering orgasm she knew was about to hit and take over her from deep within. In every thrust, in every groan in his voice, in the heat from full his lips on her neck, Eleven got seduced and was doomed by his thickness and his length knowing she would always need him and want him harder and deeper.

Only him, only Mike.

With his body, his heart, his soul and the scent of the passion they were sharing, reaching her senses and Eleven held him closer with arms and legs, caressing his arms from elbow to shoulder while moaning on his ear while bucking her hips faster to make him go insane; trying to join her boyfriend in heaven together. In the arms of the boy that would die for her anytime, anywhere.

The one that loves her, the one she loves and he is hers because she is his too.

There was no restrain at all by this point. At first like she asked, Mike

moved slowly and carefully, trying to be as gentle as humanly possible but, as she began to relax and answer to what he was doing and asking for more, they found an overwhelming rhythm. That pleasure threw them into the flames of the lust they built for each other and it was currently exploring them and turning both Mike and El into slaves because they would spend countless of nights, afternoons and days loving each other that way.

The heat of their bodies, the moaning in the room, the pleasing, the fragrance of their love and the friction her intimacy gave to him, it all created a new shock of electricity down there ready to blow their heads off between screams and begging for more.

He pushed harder taking his girlfriend to the sky and, with the screams coming from Eleven and the groans coming from Mike, she spread her legs further and hugged him strongly; her eyes rolled in her head, they brain cells melted and Mike's eyes saw white because of the intensity of such incredible sensations. He felt when her walls fluttered and clamped around him and she felt how he buried himself so deep, joining their voices with a loud moan full of pleasure, both reaching the strongest orgasm they'd experienced until then.

None of them imagined a most perfect moment, none of them could even think of a better scenario. They both knew they would love each other always, in this life and every single one after that until the ends of time.

Mike was worn-out, falling on her arms and Eleven moved down her legs, holding his body against her with her tired arms and rubbing his back until she found his head; both of them with a gigantic grin on each face and desperately trying to catch their breath. When he tried to pull out she held him tight again because she needed him so close and he hugged her back too, placing a gentle hand on her cheek and rubbing his thumb on her dimple with extreme care since he knew he got a little too enthusiastic just a couple of seconds ago.

Chocolate and hazel, their eyes met again still cloudy from the orgasm they gave to one another. Their breathing still heavy and their hearts beating fast on their chests, both tried to speak but they couldn't just yet. They didn't need to, just leaned a little and their lips found each other on a brand new kind of kiss that said everything

they felt just as loud and clear.

They knew each other entirely now, they felt complete, they had submitted to one another and their future was completely sealed because to the world it had probably been the sound of a simple orgasm, a moan but to Mike and Eleven, it was so much more. It was a new world opening, an explosion of every known colour turned into glitter, every blinking light in the house and each star in the sky.

There was no gravity, no existence outside the basement but the one in each other's arms.

The boy she turned into a man; the girl he turned into a woman. The beginning of forever more real and clear than ever.

oOoOoOoOo

*Hi everyone, and thank you for those who **always** read and comment and those who waited.*

Well, I know it's been so long since the last chapter but as you guys know I had a baby and it's been quite an adventure to adjust. It took me this long because I also had a major writer's block and also wanted to be with my newborn.

I was going to end the story on this chapter, that was the initial idea but, I am willing to write the 'morning after' if I get a generous amount of reviews, since I need to know that you guys are still there.

*So, if you want a new chapter, **please leave a comment**. The more reviews I get, the faster I'll write. Also if you want to push me into writing, you can always contact me on my Instagram account, celes.genesis. It's recent, I only made it for you guys if I need to leave a message or something.*

*One last thing. After I'm done I'll be back to my series of Mileven one-shots called **'Weird Stuff'**!*

Hope you enjoyed it, see you next chapter!

7. Chapter 7

WARNING: This chapter has adult content. Read under your own responsibility. **This chapter is M Rated.** Big author's note on the bottom.

Stranger Things belongs to The Duffer Brothers and Netflix. I own nothing.

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Ch. VII

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If Eleven had to describe in a word how she felt during those first few seconds of waking up before opening her eyes, she would say she felt... *soft*.

Yeah, soft, that was the word.

Slowly turning back into consciousness and barely awaken, Eleven took a deep breath and felt as the air filled her lungs, crawling straight to her chest as if she was breathing for the first time in her life. That soft wave of air caressing her insides, causing a tickling feeling and meeting a new body with new sensations that, until then, she never felt before, but suddenly she felt the warmth of the body besides her; the arm around her and that she was also resting on his chest. Soft skin from the boy who became her everything.

His heart beating filling her, giving her the life that had opened right before her when she finally opened her eyes and like rain the memories of the previous night fell back on her mind and she looked at her still sleeping boyfriend under the pillow fort he built for her all those years ago.

Mike.

El moved her head up carefully so she wouldn't disturb his sleep; she bit her lip and smiled when she looked at their bodies intertwined.

Mike was resting on his back and Eleven had her left leg in between his own, hugging him from his left side with her arm around his stomach and Mike's arm falling loose on her sides, as if he was protecting her even while being unconscious, both partially covered with one of the sheets that made the fort what it is. It was so improvised, so natural like their intimate encounter; their union so authentic and fresh like their own relationship. So pure, so real, so unique.

Eleven smiled widely and tilted her head carefully on her boyfriend's shoulder, leaning comfortably and caressing the chest of the wonderful young man sleeping beside her, drawing circles on his skin and admiring his beauty while he sleeps. She felt whole and so unbelievable happy because, only a few hours ago, Mike made love to her for the very first time.

She took a deep, long breath again while she kept admiring him like she did so many times before, only this time she felt like she was discovering someone new on the skin of the boy that meant the world to her. The one that means salvation, love and future. Her smile growing wider and sighed, feeling eternally alive every time Mike made cute noises while sleeping so peacefully and, even when he was still dreaming, he moved towards her; looking for her, reaching for her, holding her. El couldn't stop watching him, his closed eyes and his long thick eyelashes caressing his star-dusted cheekbones, thinking his freckles resembled the universe filled with constellations and that he is actually like that one star that shines only for her.

El held him tighter with the arm she had around his stomach, her fingers holding on him and suddenly all those memories came fresh and vividly to her when she remembered how she held onto him while he loved her the night before like no one had ever did. Nobody loved her like Mike, nobody could ever love her the way he did because he is her only one. He is *the* one.

Her hands holding him on his back, digging her fingers deep on his shoulders while he pushed himself inside her body only a few hours ago, in the middle of the night inside the pillow fort he built for her a long time ago.

She remembered how careful he was and moved when he took her,

how soft and loving he had been and how he protected her while they joined their bodies through eternity and beyond, Mike and Eleven left with each thrust, each kiss, each touch, their childhood finally behind. The way her boyfriend moaned during their encounter, his warm and comforting pace, the pleasure he had given to her crashing into her like a thunderbolt; the love she never thought she'd had when she was trapped in the lab now there, sleeping beside her.

But now she was a woman, *his* woman and he was *her* man. The girl without hair, without freedom and without a home that had been found scared, wet and alone in the middle of the woods and under the rain after years of begging for a little mercy, was finally rescued by a thin, wonderful boy who had been wandering around the same forest looking for his dear friend and he ended up saving her; giving her a real happy life. Now those two kids that had found each other by coincidence or fate, (or because a Japanese legend tied their fingers together with a red thread); had taken each other's hands and crossed the threshold between childhood and adulthood, taking their relationship to a whole new level.

El ran her fingers around her boyfriend's chest as if struggling to believe that that was really her life; that she was lying in there next to the love of her life sharing such intimate moment after their reawakening. The moment in which they became one; one body, one pleasure, walking into this new world.

She held him tighter as if she feared he may vanished after an enchanted night, like a spell cast upon them since they kissed for the first time until last night when they tasted what magic feels like. The night when they became restless warriors because now more than ever, they would live and die for one another. She couldn't deny it, she wouldn't deny it. She would do anything for him, no matter how, no matter when Eleven swore herself that she would always answer to Mike's call; that he would never need to look for her because she would always be there next to him, walking beside him.

She simply can't let him go; now she could never live apart from him because she knew what it feels to have him inside of her, under her skin. Because his hands had caressed her body and he loved all of her while his lips branded her; because his body took her to the highest

pleasure, higher than all the mountains piled together and his voice so sweet and tender had promised he would take care of her and he did. He took care of her and loved her more than she ever dreamed of while showing to her the man he became underneath the clothes he wore and the boy now fully grown. Mike removed her clothes and Eleven did the same with his and he reached his hands and took hers, pulling out the woman from the girl she had been and they danced together this new kind of dance that was only theirs.

Mike shifted just a little, leaning to her still asleep and Eleven smiled wider while watching him rest after making love to her like he did. The physical part of the relationship that had risen over four years ago and the promise that he will always be hers and she will always belong to him too, everything was so clear, so real. El could never forget how it feels to have his hands running across her skin leaving trails of fire with his touch, or how his kisses made her feel goosebumps. She would never forget about his breathing next to her ear, their voices mixed with ecstasy and how good it felt to become one during intimacy and how extraordinary it was to explode and enjoy sex the way they both dreamed.

She looked down at their bodies so closed, her leg between his and felt even happier when she remembered that in the same night they loved each other twice. Now she couldn't stop, she knew she was a prisoner again but this time it was by her own will because she would live the rest of her life always wanting all of him.

Suddenly, as her brain was fully awake, a dark thought fell onto her when she realized that this new pleasure and their intimate encounters will soon pause because in only three more months Mike was going to move to college so disgustingly far away from her. She frowned and held him even tighter, her thoughts wandering with the knowledge that she knew him entire and that it would be even harder for both of them to be apart; now she realized she would miss him a thousand times more than she imagined but hey, they still had all summer to fill one another and Eleven looked up at him once again only to find him already looking and smiling to her when their eyes met.

Her lips curled up into a smile because his beautiful chocolate eyes were sweeter than ever; because the way Mike was looking at her

made Eleven feel so warm and his arms closed around her body and he held her delicately and passionately; just like he did when he took her the night before and claimed her body and soul as his own just hours ago. And she truly was his, she truly does belong to him because even when she knows he will have to leave and move to his MIT dorm, at least she knows he would always come back to her bed, to her body and her arms to love her like only he could because he belongs to her too.

"Good morning, beautiful." whispered Mike, his voice was groggy and deep; his smile huge and unique. He looked so cute, so pleased, and so whole just like she feels.

El sighed in delight and shifted her body almost on top of him, their torsos tight into each other, their naked bodies so close it felt amazing; so impossibly natural and perfect because they had nothing to hide anymore. His eyes taking every single detail of her perfect face, her beautiful honey eyes and how she kept looking at him as well, watching his sharp jaw line and the hickeys she made on Mike's neck when he loved her the second time. She felt hungry for his full almost red lips and he lost it watching her own, remembering every moan and every kiss and their smiles grew a lot more and so sincere.

"Good morning, love." whispered Eleven as well, her joy so endless she almost cried out of pure happiness and just like that, taken by that one of a kind magnetism, that force that brought them together in this life, the past ones and the infinite yet to come; they closed the space between them and their lips joined again in a new kiss and the awakening of a new life which revealed all sorts of colours and a future that is crystal clear.

They were heading to something wonderful, something they could feel in their lips and their sweet kisses and how their breathing mixed with lust went deep in their skin. Mike buried his fingers in her messy hair and stroke her cheek with his thumb and Eleven knew they were walking into somewhere they have never been, a life she couldn't believe was waiting for them but it was real, she knew it was because she could see it in every touch, in every kiss. They had nothing to fear. They were new in this future, inexperienced even but yet both Mike and El were utterly happy because they felt ready to walk into that new life, hand in hand, to learn everything about it.

To learn as much as they could as long as they do it together, building their relationship and enjoy it as they were guided by their love illuminating the path and journey towards the life and future yet to discover.

Eleven moved her lips on Mike's, their bodies together, touching and grinding on their own, there was no shame because they already been together, their heartbeats pounding on their chests. She loved feeling him like that, feeling his heart beating under her over and over again and only with a smile and looking into his eyes, chocolate and honey under long, thick eyelashes and such immense happiness so eloquently explain without any words, both Mike and El joined their lips and deepened their kiss once more.

They felt stronger than yesterday, they knew they could face anything as long as they stay together and with the same spontaneity that pulled them into the other when they met and the same trust they both shared; two teenagers in love that would live and die for the other anytime and anywhere let their desire take over. Mike held her firmly by the waist and his hand went to grab her leg around his hip and Eleven let him place her back onto the pillows underneath and make her feel good again. Their kisses turned deeper, desperate, their fire burning their guts and the passion they shared twice the night before flourished with new touches and new kisses as they made love while the sunlight crawled from outside the window and the basement door.

xx

"I got b-bad news... f-for you..." Eleven panted, she was lying on the floor and she could barely control her breathing, her cheeks were almost red.

Mike, also lying on the floor and breathing heavy from all the hard work he did, kept staring the basement ceiling. His freckles plus the blush on his cheeks reminded Eleven about the Omega Nebula and she couldn't help but grin. He look at her too, admiring her beauty and how gorgeous she looked while being that exhausted and his ego jumped a little, or maybe a lot.

"Tell me, baby." Mike panted too, pulling his arm around her and she

snuggled next to him. Eleven beamed to her boyfriend and played with his chest, holding him by his sides and lacing their legs again like when they woke up, her hair even messier than before and her eyes were sparkling bright.

"I'm gonna kidnap you." she whispered, they both smiled. "I'll call MIT and tell them you changed your mind and decided to stay here so can make love to me every single day."

He knew she was joking and he also knew how hard it was for her that he has to leave so far away, it hurt him too but he also understood that she was trying to be funny, it made him feel flattered too. Besides, seeing her like that with her hair so messed up, so exhausted and satisfied and after hearing the way she enjoyed and how she moaned his name, Mike felt incredibly proud of his own performance during sex.

"That's a great idea, baby." he said with a shiny smile. Mike played with one of her curls, put it behind her ear and stroke her cheek tenderly, his thumb caressing her bottom lip. She kissed it. "I love you, El."

Eleven smiled wider at him, every single time she smiles his world grows double size. "I love you, Mike. I don't know how could be managed to wait so long."

Mike put his other arm under his head, using it as a pillow. "I'm sorry for keeping you on the edge, El. I was desperate with desire, every time we did stuff I had to gather all my strength to keep our boundaries but, you know, I was afraid you might feel..."

"You were afraid I might feel pressured, I know." she cut him off, she leaned wanting more of his touches. "I wouldn't have felt pressured, not with you but I think it was all for the best. It was special." she said, her voice told how happy she felt. "And passionate! I mean I knew it would be amazing but... wow. You truly blew my head off."

Mike snickered, although his ego kept jumping. "You are too kind, baby." he said with modesty and Eleven made a gesture with her head and winked at him, making him look at the fort.

Even when during the night they made love twice, none of those times made such mess and they didn't realized until then how the fort ended up like *that*.

One of the sheets that built the entrance of the fort was now around them, the other for whatever reason was completely down next to the couch. From all the pillows they used as mattress, only three remained under the table and the rest were sprawled around them, not to mention they were no longer in the fort but lying on the floor next to the washing machine. How? Who knows, none of them realized they moved that much.

Mike laughed and she followed, he always looks so handsome when he laughs; he always looks handsome, period.

"Next time we'll use my bed, okay?" he said between giggles and she nodded, crawling to his level and kissing him.

He kissed her back of course, playing with her curls and caressing all the way down to her tiny waist.

"Aren't you tired, honey?" El asked when they broke the kiss although she knew the answer and it didn't surprise her one bit. Mike had proven himself very eager and with the strength of a thousand superheroes which made Eleven the luckiest woman on earth.

"You don't want to?" asked Mike, raising his brow. He didn't want to stop hearing her moans and how she screamed his name when ecstasy made her dizzy and pleasure washed over her. Along with the sound of her laughter, those were his favourites too.

El rolled her eyes, smiling. "*Duh*, of course I want to, Mike." she said playfully as it was obvious and leaned to give him another kiss and then she made trial of little kisses from his lips to his jaw and finally his ear. "But I gotta pee first." she whispered, Mike choked and laughed.

"Okay, El, let's get up." he sighed and as soon as he moved, his stomach growled louder then ever and then just when Mike felt he could burst into flames out of shame, Eleven's stomach growled too. They couldn't help but snicker. "Wow, I had no idea sex can make us

this hungry."

"And urgent, I think my bladder with explode any minute now." El confessed, she sit up on the floor and stretched ready to get up. "We sure used a lot of energy and I believe we need to refuel."

"Agreed."

Mike also stretched his muscles, one of his hands massaged his neck and smiled at all the things she kept saying. They sat, their backs thankful because the floor was not a proper place to rest and least of all to have sex onto, meanwhile Mike paid close attention at the sheet around his girlfriend and the way it wrapped her body as she held it to her chest, it fell loose on her hips and it barely covered her back. He took a moment to appreciate her body, the line in her back and that sinfully soft skin, it all shot a new wave a desire through him especially when she was finally on her feet and the damn sheet covered her front and her butt, and gave her that same backless style Eleven also wore with her prom dress.

He stood up too and when she passed next to him, he couldn't help but gave her a little slap on her ass, causing her to jump and squeal in surprise but also smile and laugh at his suddenly bold, new antics and Eleven played along, throwing him the first thing she found on her way to the basement bathroom.

"Dummy." she said yet she was fully laughing now, she took a random piece of clothing from the laundry bin and threw it at him.

Mike laughed too, not even caring that he was standing in the middle of his basement totally and completely naked. "Thanks, gorgeous." he said when he caught the pair of blue shorts she previously threw. "Don't take long, baby, I gotta go too."

He could very well use the bathroom from the first floor but that would meant being away from her and that was a no-no. Eleven's answer was a wink and a flying kiss he pretended to catch and sighed, feeling like the luckiest man in the entire world and, if possible, a million times more in love.

After putting on his shorts and a clean grey t-shirt he found on the

same laundry bin, (thank God his mom did laundry almost every day), Mike started to gather all the items that made the fort what it is – or was – and rebuilt it while he heard his girlfriend attending her morning needs. They both had their spare toothbrush in the basement bathroom because that was Mike's second bedroom almost and besides, since they had so many sleepovers in there, over the years the entire party felt like they all should leave some emergency stuff in there because the Wheeler house was like everyone's second house too.

"Whab bime it ish, Bike?" asked Eleven from the bathroom, from the way she spoke Mike knew she had her mouth filled with toothpaste.

He checked his watch. "It's uhhh... Oh shit, it's almost noon!" he said truly amazed. They didn't have any obligations to attend other than keep having sex but he never slept a minute past ten a.m. since he had the measles. He lean to the floor and picked the condoms they used, taking them to the toilet.

El smiled at him when he stepped inside, she has her mouth free from any toothpaste now.

"We slept a lot but also had a lot of fun." she said, she had that mischievous look in her eyes as they looked at each other on the mirror. He held her by the waist and placed a kiss and then his chin on top of her head.

"You're making me blush, El." he replied, a shiny smile on his lips and gave her another kiss now on her neck and then another gentle slap on her butt-cheek. "My turn in the bathroom, gorgeous."

She smiled wide and left, leaving him some privacy while thinking what to wear. They've certainly now seen everything and knew how the other look being naked, she felt even more comfortable with it than she thought she'd feel actually, – not to mention Mike is like pure perfection the entire time, especially naked – but they both felt that watching the other while peeing was something they weren't quite ready yet.

While he did his business, Eleven finished rebuilding the fort with the sheet she had around her, then put on her panties which she couldn't

find at first and, since she wasn't going to wear her prom dress for breakfast and forgot her bag at Will's; El decided she'd use Mike's white shirt. It was fresh, it was soft and long and comfortable and, by the look on his eyes when he came out from the bathroom, she realized it was also hot as hell.

"Wow, you should definitely wear my clothes for the rest of your life, baby." he whispered in a deep voice as he looked at her figure.

She didn't look elegant and it wasn't tight at all, in fact it was like four sizes larger (at least) since Mike is so much taller than her, but there was something that made him crazy. Maybe it was how the shirt played with his head, how it covered her ass and her hips but left her lean, beautiful legs and hot thighs completely bare; it definitely played some wild mind tricks on his brain and other parts of his body too. He gave her a crooked smile and Eleven blushed deep red but hugged him when he wrapped his arms around her body and their minty lips found each other into a new passionate kiss. Heat rushing its way all over again.

"Mike..." she gasped with a smile when they broke apart from the other's lips but Eleven immediately moaned when his mouth found a tender spot on her neck. "Mike I'm hungry."

"Fuck, me too!" he practically groaned and she smirked.

"Eggos hungry." El replied, her hands moved to Mike's on her waist and tried to push him, although it wasn't like she was trying her best on doing so. Still Mike left her neck alone making the lamest most beautiful pout ever done before. She *had* to smile. "Eggos first, *you* later. I promise."

Mike's smile was as bright as if someone had told him Christmas was coming right now and Eleven thought that now they had let their passion-beast run free, he won't be able to control it anymore. She was more than happy with it, they resisted way too long already and if she could enjoy from the passion-beast they both conceived and also fed it in return, then she would take every chance they've got to love him and let him love her as much as they could in reward for keeping their virginities until their senior prom.

Now they knew each other entirely, now that they have come together in sex and even further away, both Mike and El were very aware they couldn't stop.

The need their bodies have, their lips they had been kissing for a long time and their hands on each other's skin as it greeted every single touch; they both knew that their first time was a lot more than just sexual intercourse. It had been closing an innocent phase of their life as it went complete since it grew from an inexperienced kiss to the moment when they decided to become one. Their relationship hadn't changed, it had only evolve into something much more serious, taking to practice the love they had been building from base to top since they saw each other for the first time; both of them walked hand in hand and they begun to dance their way into a future that had opened in front of them while they loved each other in a pillow fort, under a table and surrounded with sheets working as walls.

They knew they were in love since a long time ago, they both knew, everybody knew too but from that moment on, no one could even suggest they were only high school sweethearts or that their love was just a crush; they wouldn't allow anyone to diminish their bond because they had grown together so they could enjoy the future ahead of them and the rest of their lives sharing the same path and, one day, create a new life.

A new life, a family.

Because even if Mike has to move far away to college, they both knew they would always be together even if miles or oceans kept them apart. Because he explained that going to college, that college, would gave him the knowledge and tools to become a professional and have a great job that'd give them both the opportunities to live as they wanted to; because he wanted to give Eleven everything she could ever ask for and compensate all the years she suffered as a kid. Because she would wait for him, because even if Mike would be studying so far away from her, he would still be hers and Eleven would still be his because she is the air in his lungs and he is every beat in her heart.

The other half. The only one.

"El, are you okay?" asked Mike next to the stairs, his hands taking her own and she hadn't realized she had been staring at him for God knows how long.

She nodded and smiled but said nothing, he didn't ask because there was really no need. He knew her; somehow he had managed to see the rest of their lives on those gigantic moons in her eyes and he held her in his arms and hugged and lifted her as they walk up the stairs with a miracle hugging him back.

Her laughter is music to his ears and how he loves when she squeals when he kisses her neck and blows against the sensitive skin, especially if he left a huge-ass hickey in there.

"Mike!" she shook and snickered, her feet barely touch the ground in both literal and metaphorical ways of speak.

His grip around her body, his long strong arms holding her from her waist as they were walking up the stairs from the basement to the house almost carrying her, Mike kept kissing her neck and she kept laughing because of how sweet he is and how he loved to love her with his lips.

Those lips that kissed her bashfully for the first time were the same lips that learned how to devour every piece of her. Those sinfully almost red lips that knew how to kiss her wild and passionate and also with tender; those lips belong to the teenage boy who taught her math and sang her songs in her ear and in videos for her birthday while he has fever. That boy is the same boy who kissed her skin and her breasts the night before making her feel unimaginably hot.

"It tingles." Eleven said and then she gasped in pleasure when her boyfriend moved one of his hands to her butt and squeezed it after they opened the hallway door. "Mmh Mike..."

"That's better." he whispered too, satisfied that he got her to say his name like that with just a kiss and an intimate touch.

Eleven hit him playfully and giggled as he gave her 'the claws' and she pretended to escape from him while he chased her playfully around the living room, faking a monster's growl. She ran a little

until she let Mike caught her and she jumped him, closing her arms around his neck and kissing him again. They walked around and kept making out shamelessly without hiding, they didn't need to, after all the house was empty and they were all alone and free to love and touch and play with the other without caring other people might see.

Maybe that was it, maybe since they were too busy and entertained with the new phase in their relationship that none of them realized what was happening while they stumbled with the furniture as they kept making out.

Maybe because the passion and the adrenaline were still fresh and the lust and freedom of knowing they had the house all for themselves gave them enough confidence that they didn't feel the need to be quiet when they had sex again a couple of minutes before; it was amazing actually that Eleven could still talk given that she screamed her heart out while Mike pounded into her, almost fucking her brains off. Maybe having such freedom made them absted-minded too.

Eleven was again walking backwards, although walking is a euphemism since Mike was practically carrying her by the waist, holding her tight against him and he went down to attack her neck once more while she held him by his shoulders, laughing and squealing as he kept kissing and biting her. When they walked into the kitchen, Eleven jumped and laughed hard when Mike moved both his hands down to her butt and lifted her up a little more; she let him of course, after all they were completely in love and they were all alone in his house, free to play and be silly as they were on their underwear.

Maybe it was a combination of all of that, of that new trust and knowing they could play and be silly that none of them realized what was going on. None of them seemed to notice the unmistakable smell of bacon, homemade waffles and eggs, orange juice and ground coffee or the sound of kitchen tools and plates or how the people in there were trying their best to contain their need to laugh when they walked into the room; not until it was too late.

Until they finally let the other go from their embrace and turned to see they were, in fact, surrounded by six more people having

breakfast.

Six people that saw as they walked inn completely unaware of them while Eleven had her arms around her boyfriend and Mike practically carried her from her ass; everyone was very thankful that the white shirt covered everything underneath so no one gets a mental scar.

When the teenagers looked at the public in front of them they froze immediately, it almost got the others worried. *Almost* being the keyword because they were actually trying not to die from how much they wanted to laugh.

But the lovebirds that only a second ago were touching and kissing, that only a couple of minutes ago had been kissing and talking, that less than fifteen minutes ago reached their climax once more; had no idea how to act when they looked at one person in particular sitting in there too.

They didn't know *how* to speak.

They didn't know *what* to do.

They didn't even know if they *were* breathing or not.

Because it wasn't the way Lucas was hiding his face on Max neck because he couldn't control himself, or the way the red-haired girl looked as pink as her prom dress or how she was biting her spoon in order to gather some control.

It wasn't the way in which Will was almost purple from oxygen deprivation since he was holding back his laughter so hard he probably wasn't even breathing or maybe he was choking with his cereal. It wasn't the way Dustin was smiling wide at them while he held a spatula in hand and kept cooking their eggs, nor the surprise of seeing Jennifer Hayes also there, covering her mouth with a plate while she had her arm around Dustin's waist.

Mike and Eleven weren't petrified because of the shock of seeing their friends in there, or because they forgot the party was supposed to go there and have breakfast together after leaving the happy couple the house all by themselves for the night. None of them even

remembered they were all going, they had been too busy with their intimate moment and also because they knew the party had plans on their own. Besides, truth be told, nor Mike or El even remembered to lock the front door, which allowed their friends to walk in with ease that same morning and prepared breakfast as planned while they waited for the happy couple to wake up. They both forgot about everything once their hands started touching and their bodies connected and pleasure took over them.

None of them remembered they had friends or family, or that there were other people living in the same planet because only seconds after waking up, they made love again so passionately that not only Mike put his soul in every thrust but Eleven didn't even bother to control her loud moans.

Dustin walked to them with that damn smile (Mike was going to kill him), and put a plate on each hand then snapped his fingers because they weren't even blinking.

"Don't try to deny it, everyone in Hawkins heard you." he whispered as soft as he could and Mike swore Dustin was a dead man.

What caused Mike and El to stay froze in place was the sixth person sitting in front of them and they could actually feel the fear crawling through their skin, feeling both fire on their cheeks and cold on their backs when a pair of blue eyes stared straight into their own, putting his coffee mug down and finally standing up.

"You forgot your bag in the house, kid. Just came to bring it to you but your friends offered coffee. Good coffee, by the way." said Hopper, looking even more terrifying in his Sunday clothes as he stared at his hickey covered daughter and the boy who gave those to her.

Eleven didn't have enough hands to cover her neck and her legs as much as she could and Mike was trying to speak but he only managed to squeal; both of them panicking, both looking at each other in fear and back to Hopper and each other again. Their friends were seconds away from bursting into flames.

It would have been interesting letting them speak even if he put aside

the fact that they were about to pass out from how embarrassed they were, but he had been young too and he also had his prom night and even if he needs therapy in the future to erase what he heard; the Chief of Police decided to place a hand in the air and then pat their shoulders with his palms.

El was dying from embarrassment and Mike was dying, period.

Hopper sighed and then, just like that... he smiled. And with him the entire party just exploded and laughed their asses off.

"Oh my God! This is the best day ever!" yelled Dusting waving the spatula and stretching his arms in the air.

Yep, dead man.

They didn't know what to *think*, they didn't know what to *do*, between the shame of their friends laughing, Mike thinking Hopper was going to kick the shit out of him and Eleven thinking of how much she screamed and asked Mike to give 'it' to her; they both found their voices at the same time.

"Dad!"

"Chief!"

They spoke in unison but Hopper laughed and waved his hand in front of them, shaking his head and turning back ready to leave.

"Don't say anything, just let it be. I honestly thought this happened a long time ago so don't worry." he said, surprising both Mike and El the same way as if he had just confessed he was Santa Claus. "Let's just pretend you two were watching a movie and we will never, *ever*, mention this again, got it?"

Hopper looked at them and then at their friends knowing they were never going to let them forget this day, – good, it'll be his revenge – and then he looked back at the young couple in love.

"Deal?"

Mike and El looked at each other, eyes wide opened and mouth

unable to close and turned back to the Chief and nodded, earning more mocking, more laughing and even pranks when Hopper finally left and the party didn't hold back their antics any longer.

Will kept making kissing noises; Max and Lucas mimicked their panicked faces and congratulated them for what everyone heard. Jennifer only laughed but couldn't mock them since she barely knew them but Dustin mocked them in behalf of both while they started eating and he insinuated they had a lot of energy to recover.

Only a while after, Mike and El relaxed and let them have their moment, they even laughed too. Maybe their first breakfast after their first time wasn't as romantic as they thought it would be. Maybe they didn't steal kisses from the other while cooking or fed each other nor had sex against the kitchen counter; but they did enjoy their breakfast with the people they loved as well, the same people that made possible for them to have their night.

Their friends who supported them with everything were also there, trying to distract the Chief when the first moans were heard but Hopper was no idiot and he wouldn't believe that five teenagers started sneezing at the same time.

Finally, two hours later after they had breakfast and talked about the new couple, asking Jennifer when did she started liking Dustin and also talking about the party they went – who ended up with who and so on –; everyone decided they would go bowling later that night and they decided to get going and leave the main couple alone again.

Will wanted to rest because, surprisingly, he was hangover. Dustin had to take Jennifer back to her house and they wanted to enjoy some alone time too. Max had plans with Lucas and his parents since the Sinclair's wanted to celebrate the end of school with them.

"See you tonight, guys!" said Eleven from the main entrance, although she was standing behind Mike. She wasn't very fond of the idea of his neighbours seeing her legs.

Mike waved at his friends too and this time he remembered to lock the door. They may have survived being caught by their friends and the Chief but that miracle wouldn't repeat if his parents decided to

come back early and not even give them the chance to hear the bunch of keys his mom had.

"Alone again and for real." whispered Eleven behind him and Mike turned to face her. That beautiful smile, those shiny honey eyes.

He smiled too. "I knew we were going to remember last night for the rest of our lives but I never thought I would wish to forget the morning after."

They laughed because; after all, what's life without a little embarrassment?

"Maybe I shouldn't have been that loud." said El caressing Mike's chest and closing her arms around his neck. She stood on her tiptoes.

He shook his head. "No, baby. If you ask me, I would want to keep you screaming like that all day long." he whispered as he slowly leaned to her lips and just when he was about to kiss her, Mike put an arm on the back of her legs, the other on her back and he carried her, bridal style.

One day, he promised himself, he was going to marry her.

"Mike!" El yelped at her boyfriend impulses and she held him by the neck, hugging him while her giggles filled his ears and he started to walk up the stairs towards his bedroom.

"Ready for another round, El?" asked the young man who was no longer a boy. His smile was bright, his love sincere, his desire wild.

She touched his forehead with hers, her eyes showing the fire inside, the heat going lower. "Come on, honey, make love to me until all Hawkins hear me screaming your name."

And just like that, Mike holding Eleven in his arms, both sharing kisses and ready to enjoy the comfort his bed has to offer, two teenagers spent the rest of the day loving each other until they remembered they were supposed to meet their friends at 9 p.m.

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***Thank you** for reading and following and for leaving beautiful reviews in every chapter to those who always supported me and showed me my time writing is appreciated. **Reviews** are fuel to writers and I want to tell you that if you are one of those people who left comments, then I love you.*

***The Power of Love** by Celine Dion and **Can You Feel The Love Tonight** by Sir Elton John inspired me with the bigginig of this chapter.*

*I also want to do some shout outs to my friend **Starla Marie Locke** who always been there when I had author's block or even when I was panicking, she helped me so much.*

***FangirlingStrangerThings** who writes gorgeous stories too, long, passionate, marvellous chapters filled with love, she helped me a lot whenever I felt bad or struggling with my writing.*

*And, last but not least, to **Disneyprincess315** who writes the sweetest fluffs, filled with innocence and so much Mileven magic it makes me cry and she also helped a lot whenever I had to ask something about high school in USA and well, many many things.*

*Everybody who read, and commented; to those who started reading my stuff with this story or that had been following my stories since the beginning, I want to tell you I'll get back to my series of **Mileven** one-shots called **WEIRD STUFF** (look for it, is there). I have a lot of new ideas for Mike and El, so much fluff, so much from their teenage years, their adulthood, and their life as parents and so on and... you will decide which chapter will be next in **WEIRD STUFF**.*

*How? I'm going to leave a list on my instagram account with the title and the year in which the story is settled. For example, "The Snowball – 1984". That'll be the only clue, you can either vote here in a comment or there on my insta account **celes_genesis**. You can either see the list there or in my bio in here, check it out.*

*Remember I'll keep writing **as long as I have feedback**. This story Prom Night is officially finished but Weird Stuff has a lot more yet to come. Meanwhile **PLEASE**, let me know what you thought and **leave a comment** about this final chapter since it always helps to know you are on the other side.*

Thank you! Until next time!